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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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OF NEW SOUTH WALES

By FLORENCE SOMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

CAROLE was rather startled when Mrs. Thomas first suggested the idea of her sharing a flat with Janie. After all Janie was only eighteen; Carole was twenty-eight and a widow. They seemed, on first thought, a strange combination.

Carole did not know Janie very well, either, although she had seen her often enough. They lived in the same suburb, and sometimes she caught sight of Janie on her bicycle, or out shopping with her mother. At these times they always exchanged smiles and hellos—that was all.

Then one day Mrs. Thomas had stopped Carole on the street and told her that Janie was starting art classes in the autumn. "She wants a small flat of her own in town," she said in her brisk way, "but that's out of the question, of course. However, my husband and I would not be averse to her taking a flat with someone older than herself who could keep an eye on her."

She had looked up at Carole then, with a birdlike tilt to her head. "We had heard, Mrs. Garroway, that you were looking for a place in town yourself and, since we know of an extremely charming flat that's coming vacant, I was wondering if—"

A glorified baby-sitter, Carole had thought with amusement. But to her surprise the idea began to take hold until it did not seem so preposterous at all. It was true that she wanted to sell her house, still filled with memories of Jim, although it was almost three years since he had died. And the idea of a young girl to keep her company was not unappealing.

Before she knew what had happened she had consented to see the flat; once she had seen it she was willing to take it on any terms.

It was exactly what she had dreamed about and could not have hoped to get on her own. Arrangements were made on a fifty-fifty basis, and she and Janie moved in together.

It was not until she had emptied the last suitcase and slipped on a comfortable dressing-gown that Carole had time to sit back and gaze at her new room-mate. She was immediately filled with a vague alarm; it seemed to her that she had done a foolish thing.

Janie looked harmless enough—she was pretty in a wide-eyed, babyish way—but what did she know about her really?

"What's the matter?" Janie asked, looking up at that moment. She was sitting, busily painting the words "Carole" and "Janie" on some bathroom glasses. Her blond

baby-fine hair was plaited into two braids, giving her an elfin look.

Carole smiled. "I was just thinking," she said. "Here we have a lease on each other for a year and we're practically strangers." She gazed thoughtfully at Janie. "For instance, what's the real purpose of this art school business? I have a faint suspicion that you're more interested in distractions than you are in abstractions."

Janie put down her paintbrush and sighed faintly. "You're right," she said. "But only as a means to an end." She gazed pensively at the glasses. "I want to get married."

Carole was taken somewhat aback, but before she could say anything Janie had turned to face her once more. "Isn't that why you moved up to town?" she asked.

"Good gracious, no!" Carole said, shocked. "I came because I wanted to get something interesting to do and be nearer my friends. I love the theatre and—"

But her words trailed off into silence under the impact of Janie's steady gaze. "Well—" she shifted uncomfortably—"it's possible that, without knowing it, I might have—"

"Why, sure," Janie said gently. "What woman doesn't want to get married? You won't have any trouble. I always thought you terribly attractive."

"Why, thanks," Carole said dryly. But she felt confused as she turned to catch sight of herself in the mirror.

Her reflection stared back. She had white skin and short brown hair and a well-shaped mouth. She acknowledged that she was attractive in a sophisticated way.

Yet a girl as young as Janie had been able to see something behind

those smoothly arranged features, something that she, herself, had not acknowledged even in her own mind until now.

During the weeks that followed Carole was too caught up in her own affairs to spend much time with Janie. There were friends to contact, finishing touches to be made to the flat. After that she found the job. The salary was small, but she had the reward of working with interesting people.

Janie, too, seemed very busy. Like an actress rushing into the wings to change costumes for the next scene, she dashed home to the flat after classes only to dart out again in fresh clothes, leaving a lingering aroma of perfume in the air and some scattered wisps of lingerie on the floor.

She seemed to have a bewildering array of friends, Carole was always taking telephone messages from girls. Boys rang up, too.

When Janie answered the telephone Carole always could tell if it were a boy. A note of exultant eagerness would charge Janie's voice until it was electrifyingly clear. "Why, hel-lo!" she would cry. "How are you?" Then after a pause, "I'd love to! What time? No, you don't have to; I'll meet you there—it's quicker."

Carole would smile a little and shake her head.

Just before Christmas Carole was invited to a dinner-party at the home of married friends. The Fennells' beautiful flat was well filled by the time she arrived.

Her eyes travelled over the familiar faces in the room, and so far as she could see she was the only single woman there.

I wonder, she thought, as she accepted a cocktail, whom Rosemary has dug up for me this time. Usually

"Are you really interested in the art class?" asked Carole as she sat down beside Janie.

she drew someone's dull older brother—a confirmed bachelor who was more interested in the younger crop of girls—or a middle-aged widower with three children at school.

A few minutes later, above the hum of conversation, she heard the faint trill of the doorbell and saw the white-capped maid go to answer it. The man who came into the room was tall and heavy-shouldered; his dark hair was sprinkled lightly with grey. Carole thought involuntarily: there is an attractive man.

Out of the corner of her eye she watched Rosemary lead him through the room, introducing him to people. Then they turned towards her.

So he is my partner for the evening, Carole thought, and was surprised to find herself pleasantly excited.

"Carole," Rosemary's voice had an undertone of triumph in it.

Carole turned with just the right expression of casual inquiry and looked straight into his eyes. There was certainly nothing wrong with him—nothing at all.

"This is David Peyton," Rosemary said. "Carole Garroway, Dave. Excuse me a moment, will you? I see somebody who needs a drink."

She darted off and left them gazing at each other, their simultaneously murmured "How do you do?" trailing off into nothingness.

Carole decided to laugh. "I can't help it," she said. "This whole thing is about as subtle as a firecracker going off."

David Peyton grinned and shook his head. "Sometimes," he said, "I'm not sure if I've been invited for dinner or to find a wife."

Carole looked at him thoughtfully. "I should think you couldn't lose either way."

"You'd be surprised. I'm getting choosy in my old age." His eyes were teasing. "To-night, however, my hostess seems to have turned up trumps. I'm not even interested in the dinner angle any more."

"Well, well," Carole said, "I am flattered." She turned her eyes away with an effort, conscious that her heart was beating fast. She hadn't felt like this for a long time; she had almost forgotten the first exciting impact that stirred one so much.

Throughout dinner and the rest of the evening she avoided concentrating her attention on him for long.

It was very difficult, for in her eyes there was no one else in the room. Even when she laughed or spoke with the others she found her gaze wandering to him again and again.

He took her home, and they had so much to talk about that they lingered at her door. She knew that he wanted to be asked inside, but she did not ask him. Another time, perhaps, but not this first night.

And when he said finally, "When will I see you again? To-morrow night?" she answered, "I'm so sorry, I am going out," although she wasn't really.

He hesitated, and she held her breath. Then he said, "Friday? How about Friday?" and her whole body felt weak with relief.

"I think Friday's all right," she said.

"About seven then," he said. "Good-night." His eyes lingered on her face; it was Carole who turned away first.

Please turn to page 4

You're Too Anxious, Darling

Continued from page 3

CAROLE opened the door of the flat and closed it behind her quietly. For a moment she stood motionless in the darkness, her eyes closed.

Then she stiffened suddenly and opened her eyes. A muffled whimpering was coming from the other room. At first she didn't know what it was. Then she realised Janie was crying.

She moved towards the bedroom, stopped in the doorway. "Janie," she whispered. The weeping stopped immediately. The moonlight, flickering over the bed, revealed the girl's tangled hair on the pillow, but her face was in shadow.

Carole walked to the bed and sat beside her, placing a hand very lightly on her shoulder. "What is it?" she whispered. "Tell me, Janie, please."

After a long silence Janie drew a shuddering breath and began to sob again. "I can't seem to hold on to them!" she said thickly. "There must be something wrong with me."

Carole was stunned. She had always thought of Janie as a popular girl—there were so many parties, so much feverish rushing about and all the calls from different boys. . . .

She straightened. That was it, of course—always different boys. Now that she thought of it she couldn't remember Janie's ever going out with the same boy twice.

She started to say something, hesitated and finally took a deep breath. "Janie," she said, "there's only one important thing wrong with you. You're too anxious, darling."

"Anxious?" Janie's voice was faintly indignant. "Of course I'm anxious. Every girl is anxious if she's honest enough to admit it."

"I know," Carole said. "But you mustn't ever let him know it."

"You mean—keep him guessing?" Janie seemed to stiffen. "That means lying and playing tricks. I think that's dishonest."

Carole sighed again, this time with pity. She rose and began to walk about the room. "Of course it's dishonest," she said. "I don't like it any more than you do. But I didn't make the rules; it's been that way since time began." She shook her head. "And that's why the poor female has to make a show of running the other way, even though her every instinct is to race towards her boyfriend and leap into his arms."

Janie looked up at her gloomily. "I thought it was supposed to be exciting and romantic," she said. "You make it sound like a cross between a five-hundred-yard dash and puss-in-the-corner."

Carole grinned faintly. "Well, there it is," she said. "It's stupid but it's true." She looked at Janie and asked, "Is there anyone special on your mind?"

Janie did not answer right away and when she spoke her voice was shy. "Yes. I've met him at parties, but he's never asked me out with him. His name is Russell Holmes."

"Well," Carole said, "next time you see him give him a little encouragement, then act

as if you weren't terribly interested."

Janie's voice lacked conviction as she rolled over and closed her eyes. "I'll try anything once," she muttered.

During the weeks that followed Carole had ample opportunity to test out her theories. Each time she saw David she was more certain that she loved him and that he was the man she wanted. And each time it was harder to keep him from finding it out. If he knew that she was seeing him as a potential husband. . . .

The thought filled her with alarm. And so, with great care, she measured her steps until she knew that she was moving just a little ahead of him.

Janie watched the progress of the affair with interest. "It's wonderful, the way you do it," she said once, with great respect. "It's like catching a fish, isn't it?"

"Please!" Carole cried out, shuddering. "I wish you wouldn't put it that way. It sounds so conniving—"

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" Janie was looking at her in her forthright way.

"I suppose so," Carole lowered her eyes and then rose abruptly and walked to the window, her face troubled and a little sad.

A few nights after this, Janie came home in a state of repressed excitement. "I saw Russell," she told Carole, "and I tried your system." She began to walk slowly back and forth across the room. "It worked, too; he took my tele-

phone number and said he'd ring me."

She paused and looked at Carole, her cheeks flushing. "This one's important. Oh, Carole, I don't want to lose this one! Please, please tell me what to do and how."

Carole leaned back in her chair, suddenly unhappy. It seemed a pity to change Janie in any way. She was so uncomplex and honest. But she's not going to get her Russell that way, Carole thought. She sighed and sat up straight in her chair.

"It isn't as easy as it looks, you know," she said. "It takes a lot of will power. And the more you like the man the harder it is."

"I'll do anything you tell me," Janie said. "Anything. I promise."

"All right," Carole said. "But I think I know what's on your mind—you intend to stay at home a few nights and wait for that call."

"Of course," Janie said. "I'd die if I missed it."

Carole shook her head. "You'll miss it and you won't die. It's better for you not to be home the first time he rings. He'll ring again, don't worry."

"But . . ." Janie protested, then sighed. "All right, Carole. You're the boss."

And she was out two nights later when Russell rang. Carole took the message and delivered it; he would ring again the next night about eight. On the following night

Janie made a pretence of eating supper, then wandered into the bedroom. She sat down beside the telephone and gazed at it broodingly.

Carole, reading on the lounge, smiled. "A watched telephone never rings," she said.

She closed the book on her lap. "Now remember, Janie. When he does ring, sound pleased but a little on the cool side. If he asks you to go out with him to-night or to-morrow night," she shook her head, "you're too busy. Later on in the week, fine, you'll be glad to see him. Got all that?"

Janie nodded dumbly. The next moment the telephone rang, the bell shrilling so suddenly that they both jumped. Janie's hand darted towards it instantly.

"Don't do that!" Carole cried. "Let it ring a couple of times."

Janie stared at her in agony as the bell rang twice again. At Carole's nod she pounced hungrily on the receiver. "Hallo?" she said in a quavering voice. A light came into her eyes. "Why, hallo, Russell, how are you?"

There was a pause. Then she said: "To-night? Why, I'd . . ." She swallowed painfully, and her eyes, meeting Carole's, had a dawning look.

Carole shook her head violently.

"No," Janie said. "I'm so sorry, I can't. But how about . . ."

Carole had jumped up and now stood beside Janie. "No," she mouthed silently, "no, no, no."

JANIE was weakly, "That is . . . I can't. I'm busy." There was another long pause, and her face grew radiant again. "Saturday? Why, I'd love to, Russell. Where? All right, I'll meet—"

Carole's fingers dug into her arm. "What time?" Janie asked hastily, "will you call for me?" A pause. "I'll be looking for you at . . ." At Carole's look of pain she mumbled something that ended in "So long, and hung up."

They stared at each other in the sudden silence. Janie grinned feebly. "How'd I do?" she asked. "She took out a handkerchief and mopped at her perspiring hands."

Carole shook her head and sighed. "You have a lot to learn, Janie. I didn't know how much until this evening."

But Janie did learn; she learned very well indeed. Carole did not have to be told the results of her teaching. Russell came round often enough. He was a surprise to Carole. He was twenty-five and a man; he had charm and a grave sweetness which was her instantly.

"You have good taste," he told Janie with respect.

Janie said, "So have you. I think your David's wonderful."

Towards spring something happened between Carole and David. She could not quite put her finger on it, but she knew it was there—evanescence and vaguely felt, like a faint chill breath blown from somewhere on a summer's day.

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One, two, dreams come true!



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RIGHT: BRIDEWHITE HALTER BRA No. A22108—B CUP, SIZES, 32-34.

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The Far Country

Seventh instalment of an eight-part serial by **NEVIL SHUTE**

JENNIFER MORTON, an English girl, is staying at Leonora sheep station in Victoria with her relatives JACK and JANE DORMAN.

She is very interested in all phases of the Australian country life. She has also become very interested in CARL ZILINTER, a Czech migrant whom she meets under dramatic circumstances.

Zilinter, formerly a doctor, is now working as a timberman. When an accident occurs, he operates on the two injured men, assisted by Jennifer, though both realise that that is against the law, as Zilinter has no Australian registration.

Trouble threatens when one man dies through surreptitious drinking, but at the coroner's inquest Zilinter is exonerated.

Meanwhile Zilinter has come upon an amazing coincidence—a tombstone bearing the name "Charlie Zilinter" in an old cemetery. He is trying to trace the man's connection with himself. He has also roused Jane's interest by his accounts of the work of a painter in the district, STANISLAUS SHULKIN, another foreign migrant.

Jane has wanted to have a picture painted for her home, so she goes with Jennifer to visit Shulkin and they discuss this. **NOW READ ON:**

PRESENTLY Jane introduced Jennifer. "This is Jennifer Morton, Mr. Shulkin—she's a kind of niece. She's only just arrived from England."

"So—she is English." Moving round, the painter studied Jennifer's profile thoughtfully. He said at last "Now one last question, Mrs. Dorman. Do you like better the picture that is full of color or that is full of good drawing, with the color more quiet?"

Jane thought for a long while. "I think the picture that is full of good drawing," she said. "One gets such brilliant colors in this country all day long. Unless it was very unusual color, it would be a repetition of what you see all the time, and I think one might get tired of that. I think I like quiet colors with good drawing."

"So," he replied. "Now I will tell you what I can do for you." He looked at her, smiling. "I like to paint," he said, "but I cannot now buy canvases and paints for pictures that nobody will buy. I would like to paint three pictures this size."

He raised a canvas. "I'll show the choice for you to choose which you like best. If you like one to buy it, you shall pay me seventy pounds. If you do not like any of the pictures, then you shall pay me five pounds for the cost of the canvases and the paints. That is all that I would want, the money that I shall have spent."

"That sounds fair enough," Jane said. "But if I don't like any of the pictures, you'll have done a great deal of work for nothing."

"I like to paint," he said again. "I will have been able to paint three more pictures because you will have paid for the materials." He paused. "Also," he said, "the work is not alone for me. This young lady will require to work with me."

"Me?" asked Jennifer. "One of the pictures is to be a portrait of you upon some landscape background of this place," he replied.

There was a momentary silence. "It's not a bad idea, Jenny," Jane said at last.

"I don't mind sitting," said Jennifer. "I've never done it before, though. How many times should I have to come?"

"Three times," said Shulkin. "If it was not possible in three sittings, then it would be impossible, and we should stop and do something different. But I think it will be possible."

The week was an uneasy one for Jennifer. Each day a letter from her father came by air mail; she knew that he must be very troubled to be writing every day. These letters disclosed a crescendo of her mother's illness.

These troubles were half smothered by the beauty and the interest of her life at Merrijig. She went into market one day with Jack Dorman and spent a couple of hours among the pens of sheep and pigs and cattle with the grazier and Tim Archer studying the form and characteristics and the prices of the beasts. "I'm enjoying every minute of this," she said, watching interestedly while Jack explained things to her.

Twice Jennifer sat for Shulkin in the little railway coach, a couple of hours each time till it became too dark to work, while dumpy little Mrs. Shulkin brought her cups of tea and little foreign macaroons and biscuits that she had made herself; conversation with Mrs. Shulkin was difficult because she spoke practically no English.

Carl Zilinter rang up from Lamirra on Wednesday evening to ask Jack Dorman if he could borrow the utility on Saturday to go to Woods Point with Jenny. "That'll be right," the grazier said. "She told us you wanted to go over there. Want to speak to her?"

When she came to the telephone she was in a slight flutter of eagerness to speak to him, which annoyed her slightly, because the telephone was in the kitchen and everyone was there. She made the arrangements with him about lunch and time of starting with elaborate casualness that deceived nobody.

"There is something else," Zilinter added. "I have now got a map of the town of Howqua."

"Where on earth did you get that from, Carl?"

"It was in the Shire Hall at Banbury," he said. "It belongs to the Lands Department. I went in there yesterday to see if perhaps there would be anything, and there I found this map. It is very yellow and torn, and they would not allow me to take it away, and so I went out and bought paper and I made a tracing of it."

"Does it show where all the houses were?"

"It shows all the streets and all

the town allotments with their numbers," he said. "It does not tell us where Charlie Zilinter lived or anybody else, because there are numbers only on the map, street names and the numbers of the lots. It is very interesting."

She said, "Could you tell from it where any particular house was?"

"I think it would be possible," he said. "There are marks on it which a surveyor will understand, but I do not; these I have copied with great care. I will ask Mr. Forrest before Saturday if he can tell me what they mean and how to find the place where any house was from the map."

"That's fine, Carl. I'm awfully glad."

"What have you been doing all the week?"

"I've been sitting for my portrait—to Mr. Shulkin."

"For your portrait?"

"Yes. He's painting me. I'll tell you about it when we meet."

"I shall want to see this portrait," he said. "I must visit Stanislaus."

She laughed. "You're not to tell it's finished—if then. Good night, Carl."

"Good night, Jenny. I will not promise anything."

He came to the homestead on Saturday morning with his grill and his steaks in newspaper, having got a lift down from Lamirra on a truck. She was ready for him, and the utility was full of petrol; he made a half-hearted attempt to reckon with Jack Dorman, who said, "Aw, forget it. It all goes on the farm, 'n comes off tax." So they started for Woods Point before the day grew hot.

As Jennifer got back into the car after closing the last gate, and as they started on the road for Banbury and Woods Point, Carl Zilinter said: "Now we will go and see Stanislaus Shulkin on our way to Woods Point and we will see what he has been up to."

She turned to him, "Carl, you're not to go and see that picture. It's not finished, and it's nothing like me, anyway."

"So," he said, "If it is a bad picture of you, then I will cut it with my knife so it cannot be finished. If it is good, then I will let him finish it and I will hang it in the house that I shall build in Howqua City."

She burst into laughter. "You are a fool. You can't have it; it's for Jane Dorman. He's painting three pictures for her to choose from." She told him what was happening.

"All right," he said. "We will now

"I'm enjoying every minute of this," Jennifer said, watching interestedly with Jack.

go and see this picture and decide what is to be done with it." She could not move him from that, and she did not try very hard.

Mr. Shulkin was working in his garden; he came to the gate as the utility drew up. "So," he said, "the model has arrived. You have come to make another sitting?"

"She has not," said Carl Zilinter. "She has come to ride in this utility with me to Woods Point. She has told me that you make a portrait of her, and I have come to see if it is good enough."

Mr. Shulkin said, "I do not think that any portrait will be good enough when you have her with you. A portrait is for when you cannot see the sitter. But you may see if you want. It is not finished."

He led the way into the railway coach, and they followed him. The picture stood upon the easel. He had given more space to the background than is usual in modern portraits, using a wide canvas, with the head placed to one side.

For the background he had chosen a part of Leonora station, with the Delatite River, the paddocks, and the wooded slopes behind. He had made it a spring scene, when the tips of the gum trees take a tinge of orange-red, so that the color motif of the Leonora scene repeated the bronze lights in Jennifer's hair.

"It is not a portrait," said Mr. Shulkin, as they looked at it in silence. "It is an order for a beautiful picture with quiet color and good drawing that the lady will like to live with. The portrait is nothing, nothing, only a detail of the whole picture—you understand? A bunch of flowers would have done as well, but they would not have had the fine drawing and the delicate color of the head of this young lady."

"It is a very lovely thing," the Czech said quietly. The artist had painted Jennifer in profile with lips slightly parted and a faint color in her cheeks as if a blush was just beginning; as he had said, the portrait was subordinated to the color values of the picture as a whole, and so became the more impressive by a type of understatement.

"It's going to be a very lovely picture," the girl said, "but I don't believe I really look like that a bit."

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Turk Needed Her

Short short story by Olga M. Rosmanith

ALISON heard the scream of brakes, the clash of metal, and then the dog howling. Her pet shop was in a little street at the crossroads of three main streets. Minor collisions were an almost daily occurrence and she seldom heard the curious crowd.

But now she ran out in case she could help. There was no law against giving first aid to an injured animal and even the most frightened of them would let her handle them.

The dog howled again as she ran. More like heart-break than injury, she thought, scared by what she might see when she turned the corner.

A car had stopped suddenly to run into a child and a taxi had hit the rear of it. A man was sitting at the kerb with his head bleeding, and the howling dog was shut in the taxi with the window just open enough for him to get out but not enough to jump through. Alison looked in at him. He was a half-grown Alsatian. He was scared and angry, desperate to get out and perfectly beautiful.

Alison spoke to the policeman who was keeping the crowd back while waiting for the ambulance. "Officer, I'm Alison Dawe, from Dawe's pet shop round that corner. Please tell the owner that if he likes I'll take the dog all he's out of hospital. No charge," she added hastily. "I'm not the kind of a shopkeeper."

He gave her a quick, experienced look-over, seeing an attractive, well-groomed girl in a plaid skirt and sweater jumper. Her hair was fair, her eyes large and dark brown, but he saw she took herself seriously, making no capital of this.

"Sounds a good idea. Better than the pound. I'll see if he's fit to be released about it."

The ambulance men were bandaging the man's head when the officer came to speak to him. The officer murmured with the answer that if Alison could persuade Turk to go with her quietly the owner would be very grateful, but didn't believe it was possible.

Alison hated the scrutiny of the crowd, but ignoring them and their probable opinion that she was insane, she spoke to Turk as she always did to dogs, crediting them with a child's intelligence.

"Turk, your master has been hurt and he's going away for a while to get well. He says you're to come with me and wait till he calls for you. Okay, big boy?"

The handsome dog put his head on one side without taking his great, brown eyes from her and made a soft yelp in his throat. Alison said to the policeman, "Please tell him if the taxi is let out it will come to him. I will follow. If he tells Turk to go with me the dog will obey. I'll slip this leash through his collar."

The little drama was enacted and the dog behaved as Alison predicted. In half an hour the battered taxi was reloaded and the glass swept up, the corner looked innocent and the brakes were screaming again. But Turk was sitting in the dog-car with his chin on top of the rail

watching every move Alison made. Now and then he made a good-natured effort to take the pen apart but Alison softly talked him out of it.

He drank thirstily but refused to eat. "This won't last," she said ruefully, "you'll soon be eating more than I do. What possessed me to rescue a dog with a man-size appetite? In my position?"

Turk let her scratch the back of his ears with gentle, sweet-smelling fingers. "I was crazy, big boy, that's exactly what I was."

But she angrily refused to admit this at half past five when Clyde Winters came to pick her up and take her stock to her cottage in the hills for the week-end. She was not engaged to him, but there was an understanding; possessive on his part and tentative on hers. She needed somebody.

Turk set the tone of the first interview by refusing to obey Clyde's hectoring tone of command. His ears moved back and a gleam of sharp white teeth became visible. Alison jumped between them and shut the gate on the pen.

"He's powerful, Clyde. Don't take any chances."

"Handsome, too. Valuable. Where did you get him?"

She saw rage wipe out Clyde's dark good looks as she told the story. "Have you lost your mind? Why did you do it?"

"Turk needed me."

"And he eats like a horse—and he uses the pen—and you need money to keep going—and I'm trying to raise it—and I need you and what about that—and what about the money you already owe me?"

Alison backed away from him and leaned against the aquarium. She stared at him, lips apart, unable to say anything. The dog growled behind him in the pen and he jumped away. "And what about this chap? Who is he? What does he do? Don't tell me you took a dog this weight to board free for its own sake!"

The one word "free" went through her like a blade of lightning. She realised she had wanted to be free for a long time and the money she owed kept her tied to him.

"I'll get the money for you on Monday, Clyde. When the bank opens. Good-bye. Please go away now."

His rage collapsed. "You don't mean it! What will happen to you? How can you tide over without that money? Now I know you're crazy. What about getting this brute and the small cages up to the hills?"

"I do mean it. I will manage like everybody else does—sink or swim. I can get a taxi if I want one—!" She felt strength come back as her mind took over. She went to the door and held it open. "Please go now."

"You'll be calling me back," he said. He went nonchalantly to his car and smiled at her sardonically from the driving seat. "You know where to find me when you've got over your temper."

She watched him drive out of her life, thinking thoughts that had never occurred to her clear, simple nature before. The car was new and

expensive, so were his clothes. He could have lent her a lot more money and put the business on its feet. He could have made a profit and saved her nights of sleepless worry.

But why didn't he? He wanted her to fail. He wanted her to be in his power so he could finally induce her to fall into his way of life and do any darn thing he wanted her to. He had no job or profession, he spent a lot of time at the racetrack, and he was always speaking of mysterious "deals" in which he made money.

She had met him at a dance and begun to go dancing with him. She needed a friend. All her family were dead. Her father had been a veterinary scientist, and a pet shop financed with his small legacy had been a natural way to make a living. "Love of animals," Clyde had said, "that's another thing we have in common."

"He lied about that, too," she said to Turk. "You don't know how lucky you are. You got a real friend when you needed one. Your master may die, but you can depend on me. I'll take care of you."

Turk's master did not die. He telephoned her on Monday morning and asked her to bring Turk to see him at the hospital. Alison made an appointment to take the dog in the afternoon. She then called at her bank and bravely asked the manager for a loan in order to clear herself of obligation to Clyde. The manager was kind and polite, but refused it. She had no collateral, he said, not even an old car. What were a few rubber bones, fish, and catnip?

"I shouldn't have taken pity on you," she said, patting Turk's handsome head.

"You're certainly costing me plenty," she said out in the street again to the dignified dog walking beside her. "One look at your irresistible face and my whole world goes to the dogs. What now, big boy, what now?"

He looked at her and her heart went out in yearning to own him. She wanted to love somebody. Somebody dependable and true. Turk filled the specifications.

"And your heart," she said to him, "belongs to Daddy—undoubtedly. Who would never part with you even if I could pay the price you warrant." She sighed as she opened the door into the shop. "What an earthquake in twenty-four hours! Life will never again surprise me."

Life did. That same afternoon. Private Michael Sanders was not handsome. He was ruggedly attractive, she judged from what she could see below the bandages. He looked her over more carefully than the motor policeman had done. Then he offered to give her Turk.

"You see, I was just taking him to stay with a friend of mine while I'm overseas. But he likes you and you seem to understand dogs."

Alison forgot she was in a jam. "Give him to me! But that's stupendous. I want him, of course. But couldn't I care for him and give him back to you?"

"Wouldn't be fair to either of you. He's just the age to form a deep attachment. Tell you what, when I

come back you can get me another through your pet shop."

"I can't think of anything I want more right now," said Alison. "But will you be going on service after that accident?"

"A few glass cuts and a flock of stitches can't stop me. All I get is a short sick leave. Please pass me that envelope from the table."

She passed it. Private Mike Sanders grinned at her wickedly.

"The taxi company sent a lawyer. I had to sign a paper agreeing I wouldn't sue them. They gave me a cheque for five hundred pounds, that's four hundred and eighty clear profit after I've paid the hospital."

"Oh!" said Alison, a little faint at the mention of money.

"And that's for Turk's keep and emergencies. I've nobody else, and where I'm going I won't want it."

Alison rallied from the shock, and in telling him she'd be glad to take a little to start with she told him the whole story of the problem of the pet shop. In fact, the money would save it, and a flourishing business in which he was a partner would wait for his return. Mike was enthusiastic. "I won't feel I'm fighting for other people's property," he told her. "Turk needs you, but I may need you, too. So don't complicate our business affairs by getting married."

The nurse came in and told her it was time to go. Her patient might get a headache. Alison rose and Turk obediently went with her. She paused at the door. "I'll write how everything goes. And on the other question—there isn't any danger."

(Copyright)



Illustrated by
Roy Lunn

Give a Man ROPE

By **STUART CLOETE**

WHEN Nella came to live with old Smitty there was plenty said by the old wives in the village. "His niece, indeed," they said, "a pretty girl like that—"

The one who talked the most was the Widow Coetzee. She was famous for talking, and was said to have had designs on Big Jan ever since his wife had died five years ago. Her remarks were discounted in the village because everyone knew of her feeling for Smitty.

The talk never worried Jan Smit. He was glad to have Nella with him, even though he was sorry for the cause of it—her being left an orphan when his brother died, and penniless, too, owing to the tricks of a shyster lawyer who had swindled her father in a most respectable and legal manner. Of course, Nella would get Sterkfontein when Smitty died, and while he lived he'd take care of her and try to get her a good husband. But supposing she had not had a fine uncle like him?

This was in his mind as they drove into the village one day. He looked at the girl beside him in the Cape cart. She was a pretty little dark thing. It was a pleasure to have her around.

He looked at a white board hanging outside one of the houses. It was a new board with some writing on it in black.

Nella gripped his arm. "Stop," she said. Then she said, "Don't stop."

He tightened the reins and said, "Shall I stop or go on?"

"Go on. Please go on and then drive around again slowly."

"Why?" he asked. "We've got a lot to do. I don't want to waste time."

"Please," she said.

He let the horses trot, turned right and drove round past the backs of the houses that lined the street, and up it again.

"Slow," Nella said, "slow."

He checked the blacks while she stared at the new sign. "It's him," she said. "Oh, Uncle, it's him."

"What's him?" he said.

"It's Jarrold, the lawyer," she said. "He's the man that killed Pa, pressing him, always pressing him."

"And now he's here," Smitty said.

"He couldn't stay there," Nella said. "He'd done too much."

"The hand of the Lord is in this," Smitty said. "Here I clearly see the hand of the Lord. The Lord has delivered him to me." He closed his hand into a great gnarled fist. "Often," he said, "I've thought I should go after him. It was often in my heart to go and seek him out, but does not the Lord say, 'Vengeance is mine?' And who am I to go against the Holy Word? But now the Lord has sent him to me."

"What will you do, Uncle?" The girl looked up into his face.

"I shall a plan make. A plan by which he will destroy himself. Give a man rope, I always say, and he'll hang himself." Then he said, "Did he ever see you, Nella?"

"No, he never saw me."

"A plan," he said, "is made in three parts. It is made of the planner—that is me; the enemy—that is him; and the trap. It is the trap we must think of. Now, with this kind of man there is only one sort of bait to use. We will catch him with gold."

"But we have no gold, Uncle."

"No, we have no gold, but we will make

some." He laughed. "We will make gold and set the trap. Now we must go to the store and buy what we need; then we will make our plan. To-morrow is also a day, my young maid, and a good plan is not made in a moment. Get out, girl, and do not worry—your father will be avenged."

By the next morning the plan had begun to take form. Smitty put on his best suit, a dark one, and his top hat with the wide crepe band he had worn since the death of his wife.

When Nella asked him why he wore his top hat he told her it was part of the plan. "A man's hat," he said, "declares his intentions, and this"—he touched his brim—"is my funeral hat. It is also my wedding hat and my baptismal hat. It is the hat that I wear on important occasions." Leaving her to think these remarks over, he mounted his horse and rode to town.

He went to call on Widow Coetzee. She was a fine figure of a woman and sympathetic to him. She welcomed him and gave him coffee. He sat on the edge of his chair.

"Selina," he said, "I have come to you for help."

"So," she said. "I am a woman who is always ready to help a fine-looking man." She smiled at him.

"When I was young I was a fine man," he said. "I was as strong as a bull."

"You are still a fine man, Jan Smit," she said. "You are like a great spreading oak."

He said, "That is well spoken, because I am not easy to cut down. And you, Selina, are like wine."

"Like wine?"

"You go to a man's head, and with age you improve, becoming more mellow."

"We should make a fine couple," she said. "No longer young, it is true, but fine and full of sense."

"But it is because of that, because you are a true woman, I want your advice. But what I tell you is a secret. Is that understood?"

"I will tell no one," she said. "Not a soul. Not even the wife of the preacher. Not a soul, Jan."

"Well," he said, "there are diamonds on Sterkfontein."

"Do you speak the truth?" she said. "Diamonds? Diamonds are better than sheep on a farm."

"Yes," he said, "but I am a funny man."

"How are you funny?"

"I do not like strangers on my farm and I do not want money. I have enough. So I have come to ask you what to do."

"Since nobody knows you have diamonds on your farm, what does it matter?" she said.

"They will find out," he said, "and my peace of mind will be broken like a cup that falls."

"It is true there are diamonds not far off," she said. "There are diamonds at Swartpan. And Swartpan is only twenty miles from Sterkfontein."

"Did you ever see a diamond?" he asked.

"Only on a woman's hand." She looked down at her hand. "Never a wild diamond."

Putting his hand in his pocket, he brought out a little bag. It was one of Nella's handkerchiefs tied round the top with a piece of hide. He undid it and, holding the open handkerchief towards her, said, "Look."

"Diamonds?"

"Yes," he said. He held one up.

"They do not shine much."

"That is only afterwards. When they are wild they do not shine. The difference be-



Smitty was a simple, God-fearing farmer, but he understood the nature of men well enough to know that greed would give him his revenge.

tween a cut diamond and these," he said, "is the difference between a woman working in the kitchen and the same woman sitting in her drawing-room in a silk dress, with her hands folded in her lap and her ankles crossed in front of her."

"Yes," she said.

"Now that you understand why nothing must come out about this, tell me what I should do."

"Do?" she said. "Do nothing. But above all, allow no strangers on your land."

"But there is a right of way running through the farm that I cannot close. A right of way that is one hundred Cape feet wide."

"Then make people stay on it and do not allow them to stop."

"How shall I do that?" he asked.

"With a notice board. A white board with the writing on it in black letters."

"Like the one the new attorney has?"

"Yes, like that."

"Perhaps the same man who painted that sign could make it?"

"Yes," she said.

"And perhaps," he said, "you, who are an educated woman, could arrange it for me."

For I, as you know, have never mastered my letters."

"For you I will arrange it," she said.

"I will come and get it next Saturday."

"Come and we will drink coffee again."

"I do not know what I should do without you, Selina. I know of no one else I could trust with such a secret."

"It is safe with me, Jan."

"It is safe with you," he said. "That I know." He picked up his hat from beside his chair and then said, "Good-bye, Selina. You are a fine woman. You are like wine."

"You are a fine man," she said, "like an oak."

When he mounted his horse he thought: I am a fine man and Sterkfontein is a fine farm, and no less fine with diamonds on it. Wild diamonds, he said to himself. If you did not know better, rock crystals rubbed with a little axle grease looked very like diamonds in a room where the shade was down. And by now, before he got home, half the world would know his secret. Such a story was too good to keep for more than an hour. First the preacher's wife, then the sign-painter, and then the attorney. Selina Coetzee was a good woman, a fine woman. God had made her like that. Big—everything about her was big, including her tongue . . .

On Saturday, when the shopping was done, he tied the horses to Widow Coetzee's hitching post and went into the house with Nella. They drank coffee and ate rusks. Selina said how pretty Nella was, and he said, "Yes, she's very pretty and ripe as a plum. That is why I need that notice."

"It's ready," Widow Coetzee said, and she pointed to it.

"What does it say?" Smitty asked.

"It says that it is forbidden to loiter on the road or to move off it under danger of prosecution."

"That will keep the young bloods off," he said. He winked at the widow.

"Young bloods?" Nella said.

"Yes," he said. "When they come courting now they must come right up to the house and no loitering behind trees waiting for my pretty one to come out to them. No," he said, "mine is a respectable house, and the courting must be done properly in the parlor, with the horse tied to the gate."

"But I—" Nella said.

"Oh, you," he said, "you have come to an age when young ladies begin to have thoughts in their heads that are beyond making butter and baking bread. Thank you," he said to

the widow, "thank you, Selina," and, picking up the board, he went out to the cart.

Nella said, "Uncle Jan, what is this about men? There are no men."

"No," he said, "but there will be," and he began to laugh.

"It is not a laughing matter," Nella said, "to say things like that about me. I am a good girl."

"It is the plan," he said. And he laughed till he was doubled up.

The next day being Sunday, Smitty did nothing. He drove Nella to church and thanked the Lord for delivering the enemy to him in so convenient a manner, and for the length of the tongue He had given to Selina Coetzee.

On Monday morning, by eight o'clock, the board was up and the trap was baited. The board and Selina's whispers would be enough. Jan took his rifle from its place over the kitchen fire and leaned it against the wall of the porch. Now all he had to do was wait.

Nella asked him what the rifle was for.

"To enforce the law," he said. "To keep men on the straight and narrow path."

"Men?" she said. "What men?"

"The men who will come after my little pot of gold, my beautiful little maid."

"Uncle," she said, "are you well?"

"Yes, I am well," he said, laughing.

It was a week before anything happened. Then one day, while he was working at his forge, sharpening the teeth of a harrow, Nella came running.

"Uncle," she said, "there is a cart coming with four horses and in it sits Jarrold with another man."

"The bait," he said. "He nibbles like a fish that sees a worm. Prepare coffee."

He went to the porch and sat on the step with his rifle across his knees. The cart pulled up. A boy got out and went to the horses' heads. The two men got down. Leaning his rifle against the wall, Jan went to meet them. Holding out his hand, he said, "I am Jan Smit."

"Jarrold," the lawyer said.

"Yes," Jan said, "I have seen you in church."

"This is Mr. Fanshaw."

Smit put out his hand. "Come on to the porch and drink coffee."

He shouted for coffee. Nella brought it.

"Now," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"This gentleman," Jarrold said, "is interested in your farm."

"It is a most interesting farm," Smitty said. "You saw my notice, perhaps. That is why I put it up. The farm is so interesting that I wish to keep it to myself." He picked up his rifle again and stroked the butt.

Jarrold said, "Well, it's no use beating about the bush. My client wishes to buy Sterkfontein."

"The farm is not for sale," Smitty said.

"We would pay well."

"It is not for sale. A man does not sell his home."

"Well, perhaps you would sell the mineral rights?"

"Mineral rights? What minerals? There are no minerals here," he said. "I made this place. I know every foot of it."

"Perhaps," Jarrold said, "but under the ground there may be some. It would be a speculation."

"Ah," Smitty said. "You wish to speculate? There is nothing wrong with that."

"Then you will sell the rights?"

"Very well, I will sell the rights. But not the farm."

"And we can prospect?"

"No," he said. "No prospecting, no holes, no strangers. If you want to speculate, you speculate."

"And the price?" Jarrold said.

"Ten thousand pounds in gold," Smitty said.

"You are mad," Jarrold said.

"I am of sound mind. I do not wish to sell. There are no minerals. And, what is more, I will give you only a week to make up your minds. I do not wish to be bothered all the time."

When they had gone, he stood on the porch step, with his rifle in the crook of his arm, watching them go. Young Molteno was the man he wanted now, and, saddling up his horse, he rode in to see him.

Please turn to page 10

Page 9

They waited, Nella at the door and Uncle Jan on the porch step, his rifle on his knee.

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WEEKLY - 5

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Give a Man Rope

Continued from page 9

FRIKKIE MOL-
TENO did transport work. He was a young man who would make a good husband for Nella. They were as good as married already, only they did not know it. With her married, he'd continue his courtship of Selina—not that she wouldn't jump at him like a fish after a fly in a pond, but there was no hurry about it.

Friskie was easily found, and Smitty put the thing up to him—not the marriage, but the trick he wanted him to play, for this trick was the linchpin that held the structure of his plan together.

"If you want to make some money, Friskie," he said, "I have a plan."

"Of course, Jan," Friskie said. "I want to make money. Money is good."

"It is good and this is easy. Do what I say and the money is yours—a hundred pounds, maybe."

"A hundred pounds?"

"Yes. You will go to the lawyer, Jarrold, and tell him you will bring him two bags of earth from my farm, just where my road crosses the stream, if he will give you a hundred pounds."

"He will laugh at me."

"He will not laugh if you look wise and say, 'Sir, a hundred pounds for such earth is cheap—who knows what you may not find in it?' Say, 'With that earth you will have something to show. Surely, with so much at stake, it is worth speculating a hundred pounds?' Use that word, Friskie—speculate—and watch his face."

"I will use the word."

"But that is not all. He will say, 'How will you get it, since old Smitty sits on his porch with his rifle in his hand and lets no one halt on the road?' And then you will say, 'I have a plan.' And he will say, 'What do you know about this matter, anyway?' And you will say, 'I know that diamonds are valuable and that before long others will be in the race. Others will be glad to pay a hundred pounds for the earth. I came to see you first only because you are a good man who goes to church on Sunday.'"

Friskie said, "I heard something about diamonds."

Smitty said, "And you have an old ox that you are going to slaughter."

"Yes. Old Bloom. He is past work now. But what has this to do with the matter?"

"It has this to do. When Jarrold says, 'What is your plan?' you will say, 'I will go over the right of way with my wagon, and when I reach the stream one of my oxen will fall dead.'"

"Why will it?"

"Bloom will fall dead," Smitty said. "You will see that he does—with poison. At

the stream you will stop as if to fix the harness, and put poison into his mouth so that he falls dead."

"I could not poison Bloom," Molteno said. "He is a good ox. It would be like poisoning a friend."

"You were going to shoot him," Smitty said.

"To shoot is different."

"You can shoot him," Smitty said, "but you must tell Jarrold you will poison him."

"That I can do," Molteno said.

"And then you say to Jarrold, 'When he is dead, I will go running to the house and say, 'Smitty, one of my oxen is dead by the stream. He died suddenly, and I had best bury him in case he had a contagious disease.' And Smitty will say, 'Yes, Friskie, bury him deep.' When you bury him, you will fill two bags with gravel from the stream. That is the plan."

"It's a pretty plan and I will do it."

"Then, good-bye and good luck."

The very next day Jan saw Molteno's wagon coming by. He watched it stop.

"Nella!" he shouted. "Comb your hair and put on your Sunday dress and the pink hat I got you."

"I will if you say so, but why?"

"Because I say so — and fast."

He heard a shot in the distance and saw Friskie running towards the house.

Friskie shouted when he got near, "My ox is dead—so suddenly I think it may be a plague. What shall I do?"

"Do? You young rascal. Bury it. Bury it deep and fast. Come, I will get you a pick and shovels and give you two boys."

While the ox was being buried, Smitty told Nella to take coffee and rusks down to Friskie. In an hour she was back, her face as pink as her hat.

"What happened?" he said. "Nothing," she said. "Nothing, Uncle. They buried the ox, and Friskie Molteno is coming to see you to-night."

"To see me?"

"To see us."

"You see what my notice has done?" he said. "It has brought a fine young man to our door. What did he say to you?"

"He said—" She paused. "He said he did not know I was so grown up."

"And nor were you. But now that you are, you cannot ungrow again."

Friskie Molteno came as he had said he would.

"I got the money," he said, "and I am grateful to you."

"He has the earth?" Smitty asked.

"Yes, he has it."

Please turn to page 41



"Really, Miss La Salle, I'll thank you to hang your jacket in the locker-room."



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It's all yours *By I.A.R. WYLLIE*

WILLIAM B. CARY drove his shabby sedan out of the grounds of the Eaton-Wilcox Chemical Research Institute into Cathedral Street, Hendon's main thoroughfare. He could remember it when it had been a gentle, lazily flowing stream of familiar people who stopped you and said, "Hullo, Willy!" and asked after the family or how the team was coming on. Now nobody knew anybody, or cared anyway. It made him feel quite old—a sort of Enoch Arden. And he was just thirty.

He was glad to edge his way into an elm-shaded avenue, then past the sports ground which had witnessed the exploits of one who, in those bygone days, had been known as Willy the Weaver.

Just beyond the sports ground rose the Prentice Development, a series of identical buildings with some of the aspects of a citadel. Through a majestic general entrance-way you saw a courtyard, tastefully laid out with green sward and edged by neat flower-beds. A concrete drive led past rows of neat identical doorways.

The whole edifice was white-painted, green-roofed, and cheerful. A bronze plaque over the entrance-way announced The Harborage and added modestly that Albert J. Prentice had made this contribution to the housing program of his beloved fellow townsmen.

Bill drew up in the shade of his favorite elm tree like an outcast sinner peering hopelessly through the gates of Paradise. As a sort of companion picture he conjured up the vision of a Victorian monster bedeviled with turrets which some lunatic who happened to be his ancestor had imagined was a dignified country residence.

Why his mother and father clung to The Manor no one knew. There it was, stuck at the end of a muddy lane which called itself an avenue, miles from anywhere. One bathroom served the household. You lined up for your turn.

James Cary, a senior official of the Weather Bureau, naturally came first. Ted Cary, aged eight, who had to catch the school bus or go forever uneducated, came second. Bill squeezed himself in between showers. He had been known to shave in the kitchen, which had infuriated Rose, his wife, and Brenda, his mother, almost equally.

Just to have them agree about anything had been a sort of dismal comfort, especially to-day when he had badly muddled a formula, and old Dr. Eaton had been very critical, even hinting at domestic troubles disturbing him.

A sweet, small voice asked, "Are you looking for something?" and with an effort he brought his vision back to his immediate vicinity.

She stood poised lightly, her hands clasped childishly behind her back, her golden, uncovered head a little on one side.

"Yes," Bill said. "As a matter of fact, I am. I'm looking for a place to survive."

Rose Cary stood outside the butcher's shop with her shopping bag and three pounds of potatoes at her feet. Several young men took a second look at her. She was slender and wore slacks gracefully.

She had been in too much of a hurry to change. She had spent two whole hours hunting for

the one basin in the Cary household that didn't leak, and at the last moment had found it under the house full of moist, unwholesome-looking mushroom spawn.

What with one thing and another Rose had nearly missed the bus at Pyke's Corner. Now, apparently, she'd missed Bill.

The very thought of that lunatic house—James-the-Weather-Prophet, her mother-in-law, and even her beloved Ted with his unhygienic mongrel, Alexander, all lying in wait for her, made her feel tired out to the very pit of her stomach. The unusual sound of horses' hoofs clapping on the paved roadway didn't really penetrate her outraged preoccupation until they suddenly stopped.

"Are you by any chance thumbing a ride?" a pleasant masculine voice inquired.

Rose looked up, narrowing her grey eyes to the late-afternoon sunlight. There were two horses and one man.

"I'd thumb a witch's broomstick if there was one around," Rose said.

"Diana's easier to handle," He dismounted, made a step out of his clasped hands, and shot her into the saddle of his lead-mare with a flattering ease.

"I haven't ridden," she said, "since I was twenty."

"When was that—last year?" he asked.

She felt definitely soothed.

"I'm thirty," she said sedately. "I have a husband, an eight-year-old son, and a mother-in-law and a father-in-law. I feel a hundred and I live at the Manor."

"I know," he said. "I often pass the place."

"Place," she said, "is not the word for it."

They both laughed. He knew just what she meant and that helped.

"I'm Roger Martin," he said. "I've leased Clive's Farm to breed horses and run a riding school to keep them and me in feed. So we're almost neighbors."

Roger Martin talked casually about himself. He believed that there was a future in horses.

"One of these days," he said, "people will get back to the real business of living."

"What's that?" she asked. "I've often wondered."

"Having fun," he said. "Not crazy excitement. Just nice, clean fun. Horses are lots of it."

"Maybe that's what's the matter with me," she said. "I haven't had any for so long. Not since the war. Bill—he's my husband—and I used to have wonderful times whenever he had leave. Even after Ted—our son—came along we still managed." Her cheeks glowed. He saw that she was smiling to herself. "We really lived," she said.

Roger Martin returned his gaze to the space between his horse's ears.

"One does," he said, "when one isn't sure one's going to."

"Then they sent William to Bikini," she said with a deep breath like a sigh. "I tried hard to be pleased. He's a scientist and I thought it would be wonderful for him. But it wasn't. Because he ran into a goat."

"Ran into a what?" Roger asked not unnaturally.

"A goat. Oh, it's a long story. You

wouldn't understand it—unless you knew Bill. I don't myself—quite. Anyway, now he's brooding over a cheaper and better penicillin. He says he's got to straighten himself out with that goat or bust."

"So you came home?" Roger asked.

"This isn't my home," she said almost fiercely. "It's the Cary home. There isn't a vacant attic in the whole of Hendon. When the Eaton-Wilcox chemical people offered Bill a job here we hadn't any choice."

Roger suggested that The Manor looked large enough to house a battalion and Rose retorted gloomily that no house could be large enough to hold her and the Carys. She was finding it oddly easy to talk to him. But then for some reason or other it was often easier to talk to strangers.

"The Carys are really charming people," she said. "Bill's father is an expert at the Weather Bureau. Whenever it rains and he's said it wouldn't he has heart attacks. Bill's mother is what she calls a gastronomical experimentalist. She's collected every cookery-book that was ever written—right back to the Middle Ages—and she's trying out every recipe in turn—regardless. She can't boil an egg without doing something queer to it."

"Ted takes after all of them—and me into the bargain." She grinned

His heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Probably, in another minute, he'd drop dead. He rather hoped he would.

The Manor kitchen was vast, high-ceilinged, and outfitted with every Victorian inconvenience. Brenda Cary loved it.

And, of course, it was her kitchen and Rose ought to realise it and not make pert remarks about the old-fashioned ice-chest and the black, ancient stove. She'd had no right to dump that precious mushroom spawn into the backyard. They weren't her mushrooms. It wasn't even her basin.

Sometimes Brenda couldn't help wishing Bill had married someone else—someone like herself, who would have understood about old things.

Brenda glanced anxiously out the window and saw Alexander setting out to meet Ted's school bus at Pyke's Corner. There were many clocks in the Cary house, but only Alexander's kept time.

That very odd-looking mongrel had jumped into Bill's car one day, flea-bitten, starving, but pantingly confident that at last he had found his people.

Bill, in one of his rare but terrific fits of obstinacy, had backed up Ted's contention that the visitation was an answer to prayer (Ted's prayer).

Presently Ted and Alexander sauntered in together through the kitchen door. When he took off his spectacles, as he did life in bricks and mortar.

"You see," she said earnestly, "Dad and I feel the same way about things—I mean we feel our responsibility just because we have so much ourselves we want to do our bit to make people round us happier."

"I'll bet you do," Bill said. He was feeling, for no obvious reason, happier already.

"We planned everything," she said. "All the little and big gadgets that make home life easier. We even furnished the apartments. We felt it would give the whole place a sort of character. We knew just the people we wanted. So we knew that we'd know what they would want."

"Rose and I haven't a stick between us," Bill said. "We've been batt'd round from one place to another for eight years."

Elise leaned her elbows on the table. "I knew, the moment I saw you," she said, "that you weren't happy." "Oh, it's not as bad as that. It's just that—"

"Father and I built The Harborage for you," she said. He shook his head at her, grinning.

"Oh, no, you didn't. There's a waiting list ten years long. I know. We haven't got a chance."

"You have now."

He felt the blood rushing to the roots of his hair. "Why—" he began.

He and Alexander resumed progress out into the hall. He stopped

now, Ted looked like Bill twenty years ago. "I've just seen mother on a horse," Ted said.

"What on earth was she doing on a horse?"

"Riding it—I think," Ted said doubtfully.

"Well," Brenda said, "I only hope she hasn't forgotten the potatoes."

Ted said "no," the man on the other horse had the potatoes. No, the man was not his father. He gave one of his rare, explosive chuckles. He didn't think Dad could stay on a horse, anyway—not if it was a real horse.

"Nonsense," Brenda said indignantly. "Your father was the finest footballer of his year. He could stay on anything."

"I heard Grandpa's weather forecast over the school radio," Ted said. "He said it was going to rain."

"Is it?" Brenda asked.

"No."

"Then don't tell him," Brenda said. "You'll only make it worse."

She produced a coin from the kitchen purse and laid it discreetly on the table. "I'm sure you won't," she said.

"I wasn't asking," Ted said. He did the coin into his pants pocket. "Thanks all the same, Gran. Of course, I could be wrong. Anything can happen."

He and Alexander resumed progress out into the hall. He stopped

for a moment to contemplate the Swiss chalet, whose female occupant preened herself on the threshold. She was right, of course, but he poked her gently back into obscurity. The emerging gentleman with the umbrella, though misted and misleading, would cheer Grandpa up no end. Ted felt that his grandmother was getting her money's worth.

Bill was telling the girl, practically, the story of his life. How it had all happened he wasn't clear in his own mind and he doubted whether it would ever be quite clear to Rose.

The girl standing at his car window, smiling up at him with her transcending air of innocent friendliness, had said, "I recognised you at once. You're Willie the Weaver, aren't you?"

In his immediate state of depression he'd been so grateful for being remembered as a success and to have anyone look at him as though he liked him that he could have kissed her.

"Of course, I was just a kid at Miss Carter's School," she'd gone on. "But you were our Class Hero."

One thing led to another. He'd finally to two cups of coffee at The Cozy Cafe and a telephone message that, if not absolutely desperate, erred on the side of ambiguity.

Elise Prentice, Albert J. Prentice's only daughter, told him her story first. It was in large part the saga of The Harborage—which was her dream-child come to real life in bricks and mortar.

"You see," she said earnestly, "Dad and I feel the same way about things—I mean we feel our responsibility just because we have so much ourselves we want to do our bit to make people round us happier."

"I'll bet you do," Bill said. He was feeling, for no obvious reason, happier already.

"We planned everything," she said. "All the little and big gadgets that make home life easier. We even furnished the apartments. We felt it would give the whole place a sort of character. We knew just the people we wanted. So we knew that we'd know what they would want."

"Rose and I haven't a stick between us," Bill said. "We've been batt'd round from one place to another for eight years."

Elise leaned her elbows on the table.

"I knew, the moment I saw you," she said, "that you weren't happy."

"Oh, it's not as bad as that. It's just that—"

"Father and I built The Harborage for you," she said.

He shook his head at her, grinning.

"Oh, no, you didn't. There's a waiting list ten years long. I know. We haven't got a chance."

"You have now."

He felt the blood rushing to the roots of his hair. "Why—" he began.

Those perfect, modern apartments would be Paradise, the homeless Carys thought. But even the Garden of Eden had its serpent . . .

She explained. The Harborage was really a sort of club. It had a committee—her father was the chairman—and it elected prospective candidates, who became automatically life residents. Unless, of course, they proved not the right kind. Then, automatically, they were "out."

"You see," she said, "we want ours to be a real team. One for all and all for one. And if people don't keep the rules they aren't playing the game, are they? And if they won't play the game they can't be in the team, can they?"

"Is anyone breaking a rule right now?" Bill wanted to know hopefully, and she threw back her golden head and laughed.

"That's just what I'm trying to tell you. We are having trouble. So I want you to meet Father. Then, if he approves— But I know he will. He won't have forgotten Willy the Weaver—" They smiled at each other.

"You'll be invited to the next committee meeting." She added: "And Rose, of course."

"Good!" He straightened his broad shoulders. A weight had been lifted from them. "But that's wonderful! What luck—I mean, our meeting."

"I don't believe in luck," she said earnestly. "I believe things are just meant to happen. Don't you?"

Elise carried Bill home. It seemed when he thought of that Harborage apartment—the nook where you ate meals prepared in the trim little kitchen with everything in reach: the pink-tinted living-room; the baby-blue bedroom; the real tiled bathroom; the door that closed against the world—the peace.

Even if Bill hadn't known that he was late, he would have guessed it. Everyone except Ted, whose expression was one of solemn, almost brotherly, solicitude, carefully didn't look at him.

He acknowledged his existence by making for the kitchen door.

"For a chop warming for you in that so-called oven," she said. "At least I hope so."

"I think Mum's angry," Ted said with an air of offering a helpful explanation. "She's been out riding with a man in brown boots. They done like anything. I could almost see my face in them."

"Riding what?" Bill wanted to know.

"A horse—" Rose, reappearing, dropped a thickened fragment festooned with heavy looking vegetables in front of him.

"I'm sorry if it's cold," she said. "But the fire must have gone out when I left it. It usually does."

"What horse?" Bill asked.

"Roger Martin's. He's our neighbor at Olive's Farm. He picked me up where you left me, if you remember. He's very nice. He said any

time you and I wanted horses he'd be delighted—"

"Horses," Bill said with asperity, "are all we need."

Somehow the picture of Rose being snatched up by a passing cavalier in shiny brown boots irritated him. A woman should be careful with strangers. A man was different. Anyhow, the Elise encounter came into another category. It was business.

He had come home with the full intention of explaining the whole affair to her. Now he could feel himself turning obstinate. Besides, Elise had said, "Perhaps we'd better not say anything to anybody until you've talked to Dad. I wouldn't want Rose to be disappointed."

James stretched across Bill's plate for the butter. He wasn't naturally bad-mannered. The weather must have let him down again.

Ted said, "My seaweed says it'll rain to-morrow, Grand-dad."

"To-morrow," James said bitterly, "will be too late."

Bill got up and went into the living-room, gloomy with red plush and mahogany, and congested with the souvenirs of a widely travelled family that had collected not wisely but too much. But at least it contained Great-aunt Ophelia's piano. He played the old dance-tunes that went back to the days when he and Rose had fallen in love—when they had danced together.

He felt Rose creep into the room behind him. Suddenly she was kneeling beside him, her face hidden against his knee.

"I'm such a mean, bad-tempered vixen—"

"You're not. You're my darling"

"It's just—just this house—everybody. If only we could be alone—in our own place—anywhere, I wouldn't care."

He dropped his hand on to her head. Now, of course, was the time to tell her. But he couldn't. He was still tied up in knots.

The butler accepted William's hat and sniffed the distasteful smell of moth-balls, which had nestled in the latter's evening clothes for almost ten years. He said stiffly, "If you would come this way, sir."

Getting the evening clothes out of the attic had been about as difficult as explaining to Rose that he had been asked to dine alone with Mr. Prentice.

"I didn't know you knew him," Rose had remarked.

Elise in something white and soft and full-skirted floated to meet William as he advanced cautiously across a vast and treacherous expanse of parquet flooring and scatter-rugs.

With childlike eagerness she took his hand and led him towards a stout, bald man.

"This is my father," Elise said. "Dad, darling, this is Willy—"

"—the Weaver," Mr. Prentice amended jovially. "I've never forgotten you, young man, or what you did for Hendon."

Bill blushed. These days, he felt as if the youngster who had woven the ball through hostile ranks to victory was a complete stranger to him.

They sat down presently at the long mahogany, candle-lit table. Bill knew by Elise's expression of gentle triumph that he was saying the right thing. He wasn't saying anything at all. He was just listening. So that when Mr. Prentice broke off abruptly, he almost jumped.

"Dr. Eaton tells me you're quite a brilliant young man yourself," Mr. Prentice said. "He says you'll do good work when you give your mind to it. Why don't you? Aren't you happily married?"

"Yes, sir—awfully happily," Bill stammered in his eagerness. "It's just that—well, Rose and I never seem to be alone. And it's hard on my mother and father, too. And Ted—our son—is just a kid."

Mr. Prentice waved his cigar like a magician's wand.

"Just so. That's why Elise and I built The Harborage—so that decent young people could shut their door on the world and be safe home among their dear ones. Not that we haven't had our setbacks and disappointments. It's a subversive age, sir." He looked suddenly hurt.

"Take the Smiths. They looked such a fine young couple. But they weren't. They were my big mistake. Elise said, 'You'll have trouble, Dad,' and Elise always knows."

Please turn to page 56

Rose sat stitching determinedly, but with thoughts very far from her work.

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Spring Meeting

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5. Style 30: A light and bright cotton, with merry-go-round stripes of tulips on the simple bodice and wide swing skirt.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Editorial

Vol. 20, No. 15 September 10, 1952

SCIENCE AND THE FARMER

PROFESSOR Marcus Oliphant, Director of the Research School of Physical Sciences at the Canberra University, recently urged Australians not to be bluffed by competition from America.

Speaking at a conference of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Oliphant said there was nothing—except Australia's own defeatism—preventing this country from leading the world in atomic research.

Australia's position in the world today calls out for rapid development.

It is only by enlisting the help of science that she can secure her maximum development as quickly as possible.

Almost every worthwhile developmental scheme must be on a large scale.

Australia can't afford mistakes, because these would be on a large scale, too.

The first task is to grow more food.

But, according to speakers at the A.N.Z.A.A.S. conference, it is in agriculture that practical application lags furthest behind in research.

In this specialised age the scientist cannot get to the farm, nor can the farmer have his own laboratory.

But the two must realise their interdependence. Perhaps the agriculture departments need more field officers to assist the farmer. Farmers may need more conferences to be kept up to date with what is being done in the laboratory.

Only an efficient and resourceful people will be able to feed Australia and hold it against the millions who live to the north.

OUR COVER

Our cover is a reproduction of the first portrait of Queen Elizabeth painted since she ascended the throne. The artist is Margaret Lindsay Williams, who has painted portraits of many other Royal ladies, including Queen Mary, the Queen Mother, and Queen Alexandra.

This week:

● On page 40, as a contribution to "Worth Reporting," is a column called "London Talk," by Michael Plant, a 21-year-old Australian writer who went overseas about 18 months ago. "London Talk" will appear each week from now on, and in it will be recorded some of the lighter news from Great Britain and the Continent. Michael Plant had a brilliant career as a radio author in Sydney before going abroad. He started acting and writing for radio at the age of 14, and while still at school he and a friend adapted Daphne du Maurier's novel "Jamaica Inn" for broadcasting, after cheerfully permitting to Miss du Maurier and asking for permission, which she just as cheerfully gave.

Next week:

● "Make a hat to make you prettier this spring" is the theme of next week's millinery supplement. You can choose several face-flatterers from the 19 models presented for all types and ages. Complete free instructions are given for making a pixie hat designed by Lilly Dache, a crocheted cloche, and a summertime hat in white organdie. Patterns for the other hats (which include a ten-in-one model) can be bought for 2/- each.

● Despite the soaking winter rains, which have adversely affected many gardens, the new season's flowers are putting on a brave show. The soft pastels of spring blooms are always a tonic to eyes grown weary of the grey monotone of the cold months, and they encourage the housewife to bring out her best vases and bowls. Next week, in color, we present some lovely flower arrangements by Mrs. Gregory Blaxland, a Sydney hostess who is famous for her exquisite floral art. Mrs. Blaxland also offers some helpful ideas and hints on how to make the flowers at your disposal look their best inside the home.

Hilarious satire about U.S. charm school racket

Book review by Ainalie Baker

ASTUTE, dry-martini-witted Hildegarde Dolson turns her attention to the exposure of the American charm-school racket in "The Form Divine" and the result is one of the most diverting pieces of current reading.

Her heroine, Lucilla Webb, a pleasant young New York matron of 37, feels that her businessman husband, Arthur, is paying more attention to Unrestricted Export and the Better Business Bureau's Cease and Desist letters than to her.

She decides that she is losing her glamor, and in a moment of low spirit enrolls in the Beautiful-You School's spring classes.

A session in the Hall of Mirrors for Candid Body View and Pore Telescope classifies Lucilla as a Bonnie—the rest of the class are Bulgies.

Accompanied by the chant "Frowns are wrinkles, so smile, smile, smile," Lucilla takes her first steps towards becoming a New Woman. She is given a Hurricane Bob, a new detachable bustline, and is advised to keep thinking of her Youth Glow.

Among Beautiful-You's requirements of its students is that they walk at all times as though carrying a gold brick on their heads, that they become proficient in turning over the pages of a book with their toes (it develops the calves), and that they do their telephoning while lying upside-down on an ironing board.

Naturally these domestic innovations don't go unnoticed by Arthur, despite his devotion to the Better Business Bureau. Unable to believe that all this is no more than the result of going to a gym for exercise (as Lucilla has assured him), he not unnaturally thinks that Lucilla is interested in another man.

Indeed, Lucilla does become interested in Derek Marlow, Beautiful-You's handsome young lecturer in Brain Cosmetics, and daringly agrees to go to his apartment to drink tea and listen to some highbrow records.

A virtuous wife, she is surprised to find herself kicking Derek, after which, "contrary to all the tenets of Beautiful-You, she marched out of the door with her back turned full blast on her host."

Ready to view Arthur in a considerably better light, Lucilla finds that he hasn't come home to dinner.

Convinced that his marriage is about to break up, Arthur is in fact doing his best to be a gay dog and has teamed up with Miss Jepley from the office, in a bar.

The book is enlivened by the presence of Lucilla's classmate Paris Green, a chorus girl to end all chorus girls; Hoopy, the Webbs' small daughter, and Gretel, their maid.

Miss Dolson also gets off some nice observations on the pomposity, boorishness, and general coarseness of husbands. The story ends with a hilarious sequence devoted to the graduation ceremonies of Beautiful-You's New Women.

"The Form Divine" is published by Hammond, Hammond and Co., London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

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YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by KAY MELAUN



*Should you ask your boy
friends and girl friends to your home?*

THIRTEEN young people—eight boys and five girls—gave a unanimous Yes in answer to the question: Should you take your boy friends and girl friends home?

However rebelliously they might grizzle at home about their rights, their story to me was that parents were entitled to know whom they were going out with.

Moreover, they all agreed that parents' disapproval of some boy or girl always proved in course of time to have a sound basis.

Although they were chosen at random, none of them happened to include anyone in the situation of Miss T.J., a sixteen-year-old orphan, of Brisbane, who wrote to this page wistfully of boys and girls who go to school dances and parties: "They don't realise how lucky they are to have parents and a real home of their own."

Some of these young people are "only" children, but most have brothers and sisters. Two of the boys are conspicuously handsome; one girl is pretty enough for Hollywood.

They didn't rehearse their answers, and there is no reason to suspect that they were trying to show themselves in a pious light. I had met only four of them before, and I still don't know the names of the others.

Three girls had very much the same to say on the subject. They believe parents "are entitled to know the men you're going out with—you owe it to them when they've brought you up that far."

One of them added: "My father says everything in our family. I don't listen to him much when he's being an experienced old man of the world, and all that sort of thing. But when he says, 'I don't want you to go out with that boy again,' that's the end of the boy."

"There was a time when I didn't think he was right. But from tales other girls told about a boy he didn't like I found he was. Daddy always wins!"

She complained that her five-year-old brother and 10-year-old sister were "positive nuisances" when she brought boys home.

"They sit round with their mouths open, staring at the boys, and the boys get terribly embarrassed. My parents don't co-operate and send them out of the room because they get a lot of pleasure out of the situation."

"I don't mean that they're nasty—just that they like to tease."

Most of the girls and boys find that parents say how d'you do, and make a bit of conversation, and then go off somewhere else about their own enjoyment, leaving the field clear to youth.

One boy added that he mostly met parents when he called for a girl to take her out.

He explained: "You're supposed to get there a bit early while the girls are putting on the final touches of warpaint and getting into their coats."

"They don't usually leave you standing round like a lost sheep. Their parents or brothers and sisters talk to you while you're waiting."

"I haven't noticed parents eyeing me off, but I have noticed that girls usually give them an inkling of the subjects you're interested in, and they start the conversation along those lines."

Gillian and Marion are 16-year-olds who work together. Marion doesn't ask boys home because she "wouldn't ask a boy for a date." But when a boy calls for her to take her out she always asks him in to meet her parents.

"When a boy takes you to his home it's a compliment. I get excited, and a bit afraid of

what they'll think of me, but I don't ever feel really awful," she said.

Gillian's only trouble is with her 13-year-old brother.

"My parents are very good, but my brother makes remarks and calls the boys names because they dress nicely," she complained.

Another girl, aged 18, qualified her agreement with the others on the subject by saying she thought it "a bit unnecessary" to introduce a boy to your parents on the first date, although after two or three dates it was "the thing to do."

But Deirdre, a 20-year-old, found it "definitely helps" to take boys home.

"If you know your parents like a boy it confirms your own judgment," she said. "Mummy gets very worried and wonders what's wrong with me if I don't bring boys home."

"The boys like it, too. Quite a few of them board or back, and they appreciate home cooking and home atmosphere."

"Many others have homes to ask me to. Although at first I feel a bit self-conscious because I know their parents are summing me up, you don't worry later because you've got to know them, and they accept me as a friend."

Jane is another who finds that bringing boys home "puts you on a better footing."

"When my parents don't like a boy they don't say much," she said. "My mother might just say, 'I don't like that boy; there's something about him.' It always puts me off."

In her circle parents often join the young people in card games or some music.

Paul is 16, a year younger than Jane.

"I don't think a boy should take a girl home for tea," he said. "It doesn't follow, somehow, and doesn't seem to be right."

"It's all right to see girls outside, but dirty bits of nuisances round your own home."

"When girls take you home it's getting involved, and I'm too young to be getting mixed up."

But Keith, whose Pam is the light of his life, thinks you should take a girl home so she'll know "what sort of home you come from, and so your parents can get to know her."

He went on: "The main thing in a successful marriage is friendship with your parents. It's a big point. So you should definitely make sure that your parents and your girl like each other."

"Of course, it's absolutely the right thing for a girl to take you home. Every girl's parents should know what sort of boy she is going out with."



"My mother wouldn't let my sister go out with a boy without meeting him."

"Of course, parents always look you over, but they be I'm not the kind. After the first took me home I asked her what her parents thought of me. She told me that I passed with flying colors."

He added: "If a girl didn't want to take me home I'd think she was ashamed of me or frightened of what her parents would think of me. But it wouldn't occur to me that she might be ashamed of her home or her parents."

Another boy told me he has taken only two girls to his home.

"My parents didn't like the second one, I dropped her," he said. "She was all right at first, but not after that."

He wrinkled his nose and tugged at his shirt. "Oh," he added, "she looked all right, and seemed all right, but she wasn't much of a really."

Rita and Aly Khan were happy here



CHATEAU d'HORIZON, Aly Khan's home in Antibes, French Riviera. This view from the garden shows the sun-room (right), which is glass. A bougainvillea grows through an aperture in the roof and spreads over the roof in a mass of color and greenery.



WHEN THEY WERE MARRIED. Prince Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth on the day they were married, May 27, 1949.

THE Chateau d'Horizon, owned by Aly Khan, at Antibes, on the French Riviera, was a happy home for Rita Hayworth.

Everywhere there was evidence that Rita was content at that time. Village gossip runs that the happiest months of her marriage were spent at the chateau. The servants spoke of her with affection.

Certainly the surroundings are luxurious. There is a sumptuous swimming-pool on which Rita's and Aly's initials in flowers floated on their wedding day.

The view from all the windows, terraces, and balconies of the chateau over the blue Mediterranean is breath-taking.

Doors open from the dining-room and drawing-room on to a big terrace, over the walls of which roses clamber and petunias and other summer flowers bloom in boxed gardens.

Photographer Alec Murray and I entered by the pink marble hall from which a majestic-looking marble staircase ascends.

Then when we turned into an inner hall and so into the drawing-room, pictured on this page, we found a delightful room decorated in perfect taste.

—EVE GYE.



SWIMMING-POOL, which was perfumed for the wedding reception of Aly and Rita, at the chateau. The domed balconies, above, lead from the bedrooms. Aly liked to entertain, and when he is in residence the chateau is usually full of guests.



ALY KHAN'S private drawing-room is furnished in Louis XVI Venetian style, upholstered in rose. Curtains are pastel-striped taffeta against walls of the palest green and a white ceiling. Doors, behind the curtains, open on to a private terrace.



DINING-ROOM. No rugs cover the marble floors of the beautiful dining-room. Heavy taffeta drapes hang at the windows and doors and offset the white walls and ceiling. A Picasso sculpture is placed on the marble-topped table.



DRAWING-ROOM. The covers of the chairs and lounges harmonise with the colors in the beautiful Aubusson carpet. The big picture of Rita on the piano can be seen just to the right of the lampshade. All doors open on to the terrace.

New Governor-General is air-minded



SIR WILLIAM SLIM reviewing men of the Royal Australian Regiment at Victoria Barracks, Sydney, during his visit to Australia in 1950. Sir William served at Gallipoli in World War I. He was a corporal when that war broke out.

Travels by helicopter to and from country home in Surrey

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

"My husband will drop in at any moment," Lady Slim told me as we sat in her sitting-room at "Greentops," Oxted, Surrey. Not long afterwards Australia's next Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, really did drop in — by helicopter.

HE had come home early to water the tomatoes before dinner.

When Sir William's helicopter lands on a nearby common, Lady Slim is always glad to see him arrive safely.

She explained that he has a habit of beginning to open the door when the helicopter is still about 15 feet above ground.

When Sir William came in the slightly strained look I had noticed on his wife's face disappeared.

"When I think Bill is half way across England he'll drop in for lunch, then he'll take off for the afternoon and drop in again for dinner," Lady Slim told me.

Once the helicopter is in its hangar, Bill Slim, according to his wife, behaves much like any other husband, despite his splendid achievements as a soldier, and likes to potter round the house they both refer to as a "Victorian horror."

They have eliminated most of the "horror" of the house in the six months they have lived there, and it will be quite a wrench to them both to leave it and go to Australia.

They bought it with Sir William's retirement in mind, and it is small enough to manage without staff, though its spacious rooms and deep bay windows give the impression of a much bigger house.

"Bill has loved every minute of the rebuilding process," Lady Slim said, as the Field-Marshal went off to water the tomatoes.

Good-looking, slight Aileen Slim, who is a Scot by birth, will be popular in Australia, as will her husband, who was there in 1950 for defence talks

as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

The daughter of a Scottish minister, Lady Slim was born in the Highlands. She has an Irish accent, said to rival the Dublin accent as the most perfect in Britain.

"I lived the life of a Highland parson's daughter," she told me. "It was a very quiet one. I did not hanker after a career, and I just married Bill and became an Army wife."

Restful home life

THOUGH Sir William Slim uses the most modern form of transport in which to travel home, there is no evidence of the mechanised age inside the house.

Streamlined gadgets are absent, and his wife told me, "We both like a restful atmosphere."

In the one-acre garden a battered watering-can lay beside a row of wilting tomato plants, a hoe was half hidden in weeds, as was an old felt hat.

It was obvious that Helicopting Bill, giant of jungle warfare and then Chief of Britain's 444,000 soldiers, likes to potter at home.

Sir William and Lady Slim both enjoy entertaining.

"We share a love of people," Lady Slim said, "and we both like to invite friends of diverse outlook and then draw them out."

"New friendships often result."

"We think that any success we have in entertaining is because we try to make everyone happy."

Men who served in Burma with "Uncle Bill" (the troops' nickname for Sir William) are frequent guests.

As General Slim, commanding the 14th Army, Uncle Bill earned his nickname. His men knew that when smokes were short the General managed on the same ration as they had, although he was a heavy smoker.

And they knew, too, that when cigarettes were short he increased the rum ration in spite of War Office orders.

He is also reported to have told Earl Mountbatten, who is well-known for his charm, that an extra ounce of tea made more impression on the fighting men than a couple of tons of charm.

Uncle Bill was the sort of general who could sit down on the side of a jungle trail and knife out great hunks of bullybeef from a tin.

He moulded a close relationship between himself and his men. They regarded him with affection rather than with awe.

They always felt he was "one of the boys."

Typical is his remark to an Australian soldier at mess, who had left a piece of meat equal to half the English weekly ration on his plate.

"Eat it up, son," he urged. "Surely you are not going to leave it!"

Sir William Joseph Slim, G.B.E., K.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., with what is most probably the most truculent, determined chin in the British Army, joined the British Territorials as a private.

He soon became a lance-corporal, but was just as quickly demoted.

He ducked out of a route march one hot day to drink a pint of beer which a housewife offered him.

His colonel gave him a loud dressing down and took away his stripe on the spot.



The dressing-downs he himself has given since then have, however, been in quiet voice. He has been called "The General with the gentle voice." It is a deep and resonant one and has been heard often on the B.B.C.

He made several radio talks while in Australia in 1950. He flabbergasted a Melbourne radio representative when arranging for one of them.

Sir William demanded payment for the talk, and forced the opening offer of five guineas up to 15.

The radio man, doubtless thinking some hard thoughts about the avarice of the Field-Marshal with his £4000-a-year salary, was relieved to hear Sir William say to his aide: "See that the best Army charity gets that cheque."

In talking of people, Field-Marshal Slim told me what he once said to his men:

"I've come to let you see my face," he told them, "not because I recommend it but because when I was in the ranks I never got a peep at the bloke who was kicking me around."

"I could not figure out what sort of a chap to curse."

"Have a good look at me and you will know what features to pick on when I start kicking you around—and I'll be doing it plenty."

"That's how I felt about Army men," he said.

Sir William always regrets that it was not in the plans of the Allied High Command to allow the A.I.F. to join his troops in the Burma campaign.

He remembers Australians

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM and Lady Slim and their son, John, who is now serving with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in Malaya. Their daughter, Una, is also in Singapore, where she is teaching in a kindergarten. The Slims hope that their son and daughter will be able to visit Australia while their father is Governor-General.

as the troops who were the first to beat the Japs at jungle warfare, and that Australian victories in the South-west Pacific were a tremendous inspiration to the hard-pressed British soldiers in Burma.

Sir William could almost pass for an Australian. His skin is tanned and the corners of his eyes are wrinkled by years of outdoor life. He looks as comfortable in a slouch hat as he does in that typical English hat, the bowler.

Enjoys fan mail

IN a recent broadcast Sir William said such complimentary things about housewives that British women have been dropping him notes of appreciation ever since.

He said, "Those letters are a nice change from official correspondence and the unofficial correspondence I receive from lance-corporals who ask me why they haven't got a second stripe."

"I like to help my wife if there's any time," Sir William said. "She works much harder than I do. Most women do."

House-parties mean that both the Slims have to take their turn with domestic chores.

"He really is handy with a dish cloth," Lady Slim says of her husband, "and he can carry a tray as well as any waiter."

Although she had done very little cooking until the

family returned to England, Lady Slim finds it fascinating.

Her favorite recipe is *andouille* mayonnaise. In fact, *andouille* is a cooked pretty well any way are popular with her.

She has more than 100 recipes for egg dishes.

"I have lived and moved in the wake of armies, generally making homes with very little," said Lady Slim.

"When my husband was a young Army officer I did not have much to work with. I had to shop in the bazaars in India and buy up anything I could use, even giving houses for soft furnishings."

Lady Slim is very well-dressed.

Blessed with a neat, straight figure, she wears well-tailored suits and usually lifts them by wearing blouses in exciting colors.

She has very large dark eyes and short dark hair.

Lady Slim has her smartest clothes made at Hardy Amies, but often buys casual dresses in little London shops.

She is a great friend of the Countess Mountbatten of Burma. They worked together in India.

Field-Marshal and Lady Slim have a son, John, and a daughter, Una.

Una is 21 and left recently for Singapore, where she is a kindergarten teacher.

John is with the Argylls in Malaya with the Special Services. His sister went to Singapore to be near him.

Spring patterns

• This special feature is for the home dressmaker, the sewing beginner, the girl on a budget—in fact, for every woman who wants a new spring dress. The designs here and on the following pages are chosen for easy sewing. A paper pattern in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust is available for each. Each pattern includes a chart which gives every step of how to make. To order patterns, see panel, page 24.



2064.—One-piece, left, for spring. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

2068.—Frock, above, in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. striped material and 1yd. 36in. plain material. Price, 3/6.

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DRESS SENSE

by Betty Keep

● The spring petticoat is specially designed to fit the varying silhouettes of the season. It is a real and important step forward in fashion. Color is the most exciting new ingredient, and fabrics range from the youthful and practical to the most luxurious.

MIDDY LINE petticoat cut flat over the hips with fullness below. In sizes 24in.-30in. waist. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

THE three most-sought-after petticoats are the middy silhouette, the wide-skirted and shaped petticoat for summertime's swirling skirts, and the princess slip.

Study the line of each sketch. The petticoat on the left is designed for the middy silhouette. It is prettily constructed to fit the hips closely and give a smooth tummy and rounded side line.

The centre sketch shows how a swirling petticoat will puff out a skirt with fashionable inflation.

At right is the perfect petticoat to wear under a princess style or any silhouette demanding a slim diaphragm.

Materials used in petticoats will run the full range of cotton from sheer to opaque, with pique a favorite. Starch added at each laundering will make them as crisp as new.

TO FLATTER a wide skirt, a petticoat with smooth-fitting waistline and wide hemline, in sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

For more permanent stiffening there are leno and various other textures in dress canvas. But for a hot summer my tip is nothing heavier than cotton.

A colored petticoat is very new.

With a flowery print dress—it's the season for prints—a petticoat could be delicate porcelain-grey or waterlily-green.

Under beige try the palest blonde. With pink I suggest any garden red—poppy, deep carnation, peony, or rhodo-

dendron—and with black pure white.

How pretty can a petticoat get?

As pretty as a dress and often more feminine—all done by way of trims.

Ruffles top the trimming list—self ruffles and lace ruffles in all sizes, and ribbon-threaded beading above flouncing.

Here's a late summer fashion tip worth remembering. When cottons have that wilted, tired look invest in a couple of new petticoats.

They're stylish and saving. One or even two kicking out

PRINCESS slip cleverly cut to fit the waistline. In sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

as you walk will give you the feeling of a new dress at a fraction of its price.

In the U.S.A. the lace slip is big news, especially one with a simple princess cut, either made entirely of lace with midriff inset of a "boob" fabric or with a nylon lace and a complete overlay of lace.

A separate floor-length, billowing waist-petticoat is a seasonable "must" to wear under wide-skirted party dresses.

In this group more attention is given to variety in silhouette than to trimming.

Ultra-luxury petticoat-slips make use of interesting color combinations and rich materials.

For example, a princess slip in pink nylon has a complete bodice overlay of filmy black lace.

A torso version is designed in black satin with long, vertical bands of beige lace curving to the sides just below the hipline.

Write for patterns for the three petticoats illustrated to Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Fashion FROCKS

Two versions for an important summer fashion—the printed cotton. Available ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"HARRIET."—Versatile everyday dress smartly styled in an attractive printed cotton. The color choice includes light burgundy and green, chocolate-brown and mauve, navy, and light blue, green and grey, red and navy, all printed on a white ground.

Ready To Wear.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 81/9.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 58/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 60/9.

"DESMA."—Good styling and pretty material combine in one of the most welcome of summer fashions—the sundress and matching bolero. The twosome is obtainable in a very attractive printed cotton, the color choice including green, blue, pink, and lemon.

Ready To Wear.— Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 85/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 89/3.

Cut Out Only.—Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 62/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 65/-.

● NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 25. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stradford's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.



PRETTY AND PRACTICAL

● These brand-new summertime fashions are planned for every hour of the day and were chosen for their pretty and practical attributes.

The princess dress has a great deal of fashion appeal. The cotton suit is as versatile as its winter counterpart.

Note the use of lace. It's one of the season's best-liked fabrics.

Paper patterns for the designs are obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust measurements. To order patterns, see panel on page 24.



2072.—Cool summer cotton with a wide-shoulder neckline, above. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Pattern price, 3/6.



2073.—Princess-line sundress and bolero, left. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and 1½yds. 36in. contrast. Pattern price, 3/6.



2074.—One-piece, right, destined for a round of party activities. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material and 3½yds. fine braid. Price, 4/6.



2075.—Trim little city suit. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Suit requires 4½yds. 36in. material and blouse 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.



2077.—Summer's coolest fashion, the ballerina with low-cut bodice. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. lace for dress and 3½yds. 36in. dress, 1½yds. 36in. lace for apron, taffeta for foundation. Price, 4/9. and 7yds. 36in. taffeta. Price, 4/6.



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SIX NEW SPRING FROCKS TO MAKE

The six designs illustrated here are not just attractive frocks you wish you could own. For each style you can obtain a pattern in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. To order, see panel page 24.



2065. — Pretty one-piece, above, has moderate all-round gathered skirt fullness and a soft, shirred yoke band. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



2066. — Sleeveless one-piece and matching waist-length bolero, right. Skirt has all-round unpressed pleats. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

2069. — Designed for floral print, the one-piece, left, has form-fitting lines and is finished with a wide double collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.





2071.—Spring and summer standby, above. An all-purpose coat designed on straight lines flattering to any type of figure. Note colored buttons and large twin pockets. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.



2070.—Attractive two-piece, left, has contrasting belt and jacket bands for style interest. Available in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 4/6.



2063.—Coat-dress, above, is styled on tailored lines with short sleeves, double-breasted fastening, and a neat turn-down collar. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.



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PATTERNS: style details

● Artist's sketches of front and back views of the styles on pages 19, 22, and 23 show sewing details. The panel at the bottom of the page tells you how and where to order the patterns.



How to order patterns

PATTERNS for the styles in this Spring Pattern Supplement may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty., Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney), and from the city depot, Stodart's Building, 125A York St., Sydney.

Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

When ordering, please quote pattern number and size. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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Fashion PATTERNS

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F2088—Beginners' pattern for a circular skirt. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/-.

F2085.—Cummerbund dress with wide-cut neckline collared in white. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material for dress, 1yd. 36in. white contrast and 1yd. 36in. dark contrast. Price, 3/6.

F2086.—Smart sleeveless coat-dress with bow-tie neckline and wide skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2087.—Spring suit, styled with a waisted jacket and skirt fullness. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Sizes 38in. to 42in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

F2089.—One-piece daytime dress has shirt-waist top and unusual skirt detail. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 303.—THREE GUEST TOWELS
The towels are attractively designed and obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider on cream Irish linen or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, green, and white, and on British cotton in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Sizes 17in. x 24in. Price, linen (sheer and Irish), 8/11 each or set of three 20/3; cotton, 1/3 each or set of three 10/3. Postage, 9d. extra for one towel, or set of three 1/4 extra.

No. 304.—RUNNER
The runner is cut out ready to make with a pretty border design clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is cream Irish linen, sheer linen in sky-blue, lemon, green, pink, and white, and British cotton in pink, blue, lemon, and green. Size 36in. x 11in. Price, linen (sheer and Irish), 9/11; cotton, 7/3. Postage, 7d. extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ulm, Sydney, (postal address Box 408, G.P.O. Sydney), and from the city depot, Stoddart's Building, 125a York St., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart, New Zealand readers to Box 664, G.P.O., Auckland. Postage is included in prices quoted.

F2090.—Three-piece lingerie set with lace trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires, nightgown, 3 yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. lace, 2yds. 1in. lace insertion, 3yds. 2in. lace edging; slip, 2yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. lace, 3yds. 1in. lace insertion, 4yds. 2in. lace edging; scanties, 1yd. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. lace. Price, 4/9.

No. 306.—CHILD'S SUN SUIT
The sun suit is designed for a boy or girl and is cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is British headcloth. The color choice includes sage-blue, pink, natural, green, and white. Sizes and price, 2yrs. 12/3; 3yrs. 12/3; 4yrs. 12/3. Postage, 1/4 extra.

No. 307.—SUMMER FROCK
The frock is a very becoming style designed for hot weather. It is obtainable cut out ready to make with full making instructions. The material is a color-patterned Pincord cotton, obtainable in royal grey and white, light navy, American beauty and white, sage-blue, grey and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 22/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 25/-; Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.



AT SHORE CHAPEL. Ted Bone, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Bone, of Gordon, and his bride, formerly Gillian Todhunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Todhunter, of Turramurra.



GARDEN PARTY. The Chief Justice of N.S.W., the Hon. K. W. Street (second from right), who delivered the Centenary Oration in the Great Hall of the University, with his sons Laurence (left) and Roger and Mrs. Peter Farley at the garden party which followed.

Social Greetings



ART SHOW. Mrs. Bill Kendall (left) with sculptor Lyndon Dadswell and his wife at the opening of the Society of Artists' Spring Exhibition at the Education Department's Art Gallery.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S daughter. Heather Menzies (left), his wife, Mrs. R. G. Menzies, Dame Mary Hughes, and Mrs. Martin Wang, wife of the Consul-General for China, after Mr. Menzies and Mr. Hughes received honorary Doctor of Laws degrees at the University.



AT PICKWICK CLUB. Bob Robbidge, of Mosman, and his bride, formerly June Davis, of Neutral Bay, after wedding at St. Philip's.



AT ST. PHILIP'S. Keith Wolrige, son of Mrs. Wolrige, of Edgecliff, and his bride, formerly Elsie Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Morgan, of "Derangibul," Forbes.

A WEEK of colorful pageantry and parties marked the celebration of the Centenary of Sydney University. Distinguished professors from world-famous universities, and their wives, were guests of honor.

The visitors, who brought "birthday greetings" from 70 universities, delighted all who met them with their charm and their down-to-earth friendliness, despite the impressive letters after their names.

The celebrations began with a reception at Government House. Three hundred guests were received by the Governor, Lieut.-General Sir John Northcott, and his daughter Elizabeth.

Lovely bowls of pink peach blossom on the drawing-room piano came from the garden of the home of Sir John's elder daughter, Mrs. Donald Coburn, at Warrawee. The daffodils in the entrance hall came from the Governor's country home, Hillview, at Sutton Forest.

Chatting with Mr. Justice Roper and his elegant wife were famous antarctic explorer Sir Douglas Mawson and Lady Mawson, who came over from Adelaide, where Sir Douglas is Professor of Geology and Mineralogy. Sir Douglas was among those to receive honorary degrees during the Centenary.

Lady Mawson told me her husband insisted on showing her around the University personally, as he began his career there. She managed to fit in some shopping for her seven grandchildren in Adelaide in between the strenuous sight-seeing tour and party-round arranged for delegates and their wives.

THE sun beamed down on the lawns of the University Quadrangle, where a garden party was held after the Centenary Oration had been delivered by the Chief Justice, the Hon. K. W. Street. Delegates, in their colorful robes of purple, scarlet, blue, and gold, soon clustered round the Chief Justice to congratulate him on his wonderful oration on the history of the University. It was founded in 1852 in the boardroom of Sydney Grammar School and its present site was once a number of dairy farms.

Thrilled with her first trip to Sydney was Lady Nicholson, wife of eminent London surgeon Sir John Nicholson, whose grandfather was first chancellor of Sydney University. Lady Nicholson hopes to add some Australian recipes to her collection of 104 cookery books.

JUST as soon as the Centenary was over, the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Professor Harold Dew, and his wife began making preparations for their trip abroad on the 18th of this month. They will have a super trip round the world, which begins with a flying visit to Singapore, then by Dutch boat to Mombasa and Durban, and across to Buenos Aires and Chile, where the professor will give some lectures. They will then go to England and arrive in good time for the Coronation.



OPEN DAY. Roslyn Symons (left) and Eric Freeman (right), who are in Arts III at Sydney University, discuss the programme with Myra Siegel, an Arts graduate, at the Open Day held during the Centenary celebrations to mark the 100th birthday of Sydney University.



AT UNIVERSITY. Mrs. R. G. Cameron (left), Mrs. Marcus Oliphant, wife of famous scientist Professor Oliphant, and Mrs. A. K. Macbeth at the Centenary Women's Union dinner.

SCHOOL holidays have made "luncheon in town" the latest treat for the small fry. Noticed young Roger Langworth at the Pickwick with his grandmother, Mrs. T. A. Field, his mother, Mrs. Chris Langworth, and his aunt, Mrs. Ray Purves. Roger attends school at Knox.

At Princes were Mrs. Audrey Winter-Irving and her small daughter, Elizabeth, who is at Ascham. Down from their home at Leura were Mrs. Jock McNiven and her daughter, Dianne.

FAMOUS tennis player Frank Sedgman and his wife, Jean, will be guests at the wedding of Jean's cousin, Gloria Williams, and Harvey Trewhella, at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on October 25.

Gloria is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Williams, of Vaucluse, and Harvey is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Trewhella, of Peakhurst.

LOTS of country guests will be at the wedding of Ruth Gray, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Gray, of Roseville, and Duncan Sinclair, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Sinclair, of "Woorooma West," Deniliquin, at St. David's, Lindfield, on September 8. They will include Mr. and Mrs. Bill Glen, of Mathoura, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Keays, of Wanganella, and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Lucas, of Coolamon. James Moreton, of Moulamein, will be best man.

THE sale of the only large hall at Seone did not daunt the committee of young people arranging the Seone and Murrumbidgee Bachelors and Spinners' dance. They simply moved the venue to Aberdeen and set to with paper, paint, and plenty of enthusiasm to decorate the hall with masses of red, white, and silver leaves.

Among the guests were Judy Crasping and Ailsa Cork, who stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Edgar Bradley, at Maitland. Barbara Bennett, of Tamworth, was the guest of her fiancé, David Wright, and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Swinton Wright, of "Bickham," Blandford. Other guests included Judith and Pat Vickers, of "Gordonbush," Tamworth, and Edna and Judith Spencer, of "Kvooma," Barraba.

ENGAGEMENT of country interest is that of Shirley Litchfield, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Litchfield, of "Kelloe," Merriwa, and John Blekmore, of "Warawillah," Murrumbidgee, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Blekmore, of "Shirley," Dubbo. They have already made wedding plans for an Easter wedding at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street.

Anne

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Local skaters get chance in ice show

U.S. stars' hobbies include science, art

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

All the leading skaters in the 50-strong "Ice Parade" company are present or former Sonja Henie ice-show stars, but the ballet will include 15 Australian boys and girls recruited by Peggy and Bob White in Sydney. The Australians will augment the American ballet for ensemble work.

THE local girls who made the grade for the show are Melda Lawrence, 26, Val Cullen, 19, Betty Rossbridge, 22, Ruth Allen, 16, Helen Pluker, 18, Suzan Hoare, 17, Pam Balfe, 19, Judith Price, 16, Kay Matthews, 18, Dawn Elliott, 18, and Fay Rogers, 18.

The boys are Allan Cooper, 21, Robert Jones, 25, Frank Thornton, 19, and Noel Johnson, 23.

There were several New Australians among the 30 boys who were given auditions. However, none of them was chosen.

Peggy White and Bob, her

husband, have come to Australia to stage "Ice Parade." They expressed surprise at the number of skaters who turned up for the auditions held at 9 a.m. at the Sydney Glaciarium.

"Well, it just shows it's the same here as everywhere else," they said. "Every kid who can skate wants to be in an ice show."

The deserted ice rink was too gloomy, cold, and unfriendly for even the most confident to try to project their personalities. There were no smiles, no attention-getting tricks, just grim determination.

A lighted, colorful, sparkling stage seemed a long way off.

Some of the girls wore ear-



CHOREOGRAPHER and skating star Peggy White shows Australian ballet girls (from left) Helen Pluker, Pam Balfe, Kay Matthews, and Suzan Hoare a pose for one of the sequences in "Ice Parade."

rings, one had an elaborate hair-do; some of them wore no make-up at all, and some were badly in need of a hair stylist.

But—"That's pretty good, Peggy, we've got some nice girls there," Bob said to his wife. "We've done all right."

Getting an ice show on skates is no easy job. Before the Australian girls were finally selected they were told what they would have to expect.

Because no other facilities for rehearsal are available in Sydney, the first three weeks' rehearsals will be held in the late hours of the night and early hours of the morning at the Glaciarium ice rink, after the ordinary night skating session is over.

Cars will be provided to take the girls home.

Ten days before the show opens rehearsals will be held ALL DAY at the Empire Theatre.

"Legs matter more on stage than with a show put on in a rink," Peggy said.

She explained that she picked ballet girls on uniformity of height, skating ability, looks (in some cases potential), and sense of rhythm.

To test the latter, each aspirant at the end of the audition was required to clap hands to a tune Peggy sang.

"Ice Parade" will open at the Empire Theatre, Sydney, on October 1. It will tour New Zealand, then return to Australia to play in the capital cities of other States. Later it will go to South Africa.

"We expect the company to stay together for two years," Bob White said, "so we want the Australian girls to settle down with us and be happy."

They will be paid £14 a week in Sydney and £18 a week when on tour. This is above the award wage.

"The show won't go well if they aren't happy," Bob explained, "and we think that to be happy they have to be able to afford to live in a good hotel, buy nice clothes, and still save money."

Peggy will be ballet mistress, beauty adviser, and chaperon to the Australian girls, all of whom are new to show business.

Peggy and Bob are with the Sonja Henie ice show in America. In "Ice Parade" they will appear as specialty adagio dancers.

Bob, who will produce the show, was a refrigeration en-

gineer before he became a professional skater. He gave Peggy her first skating lesson.

Peggy, who has studied ballet, is responsible for the choreography.

A former organist of the Washington Chevy Chase Methodist Church, Peggy has also done the preliminary work on the show's musical arrangements and helped design the costumes.

She is a B.A. and speaks five languages.

Because she "likes to be active," once a show is running smoothly she studies for the master's degree in romance languages she hopes to take at her alma mater, the American University, Washington.

American stars

TWO interesting American stars of the show are Arthur Nelles and John Dietel.

Arthur Nelles is an artist turned skater (turned funny-man whose hobby is ornithology. He served as an official war artist with the Canadian Navy, and in 1948 he went to the Arctic with a Canadian Government expedition to study and collect specimens of bird life.

He finds time to keep up his painting and drawing, and is a contributing artist-writer to various outdoor magazines.

One of his most unusual art commissions was the drawing, stage by stage, of a new type of operation in a Detroit hospital.

Dietel, also an ice comic, is the owner of a large tropical plant nursery in Florida. He hopes to be able to send back from Australia some interesting and rare plants.

Travelling with Bob and Peggy are their nine-year-old daughter, Peggy junior, and Peggy's 90-year-old aunt, Miss Agnes Thornton.

"Aunt is a mighty spry old lady even though she uses a cane since she broke her hip four years ago," Peggy said.

Peggy junior takes no part in the show and has shown no inclination to become a professional ice-skater.

"She is going to be free to choose her own career," her mother said.

In the skating world, shows such as "Ice Parade" are known as tank shows. This is because instead of the usual ice-rink floor the skating surface is provided by a shallow tank filled with water which is kept frozen for the duration of the show's run.



BALLET RECRUIT (above) Pam Balfe, 19, of Arncliffe, takes off in a stag jump. Pam has been skating for only two years, but she wants to make it a permanent job.



BOB WHITE (left), producer of "Ice Parade." Before he turned professional skater Bob was a refrigeration engineer.

MARJORIE MEETS THE QUADS



MEETING THE QUADS. From left, Marjorie Jackson with Phillip, Percy Sara with Judith and Alison, Geoffrey, and Mrs. Sara and Mark.



JUDITH (right), personality girl of the Sara family, poses with Marjorie and Mr. Jackson in the front garden of the Sara home at Bellingen.

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

When the Sara Quads met Australia's Olympic gold-medallist Marjorie Jackson, Judith turned on all her charm while Alison ran up and down the garden showing off her paces to "the fastest woman in the world."

JUDITH'S appealing ways and delightful smile would melt the hardest heart, and Marjorie, who loves children, succumbed immediately.

"What a coy look you're giving me," she exclaimed as she cuddled Judith.

Marjorie's mother, Mrs. Jackson, told me that Marjorie has always got on very well with children.

I had noticed this even before she met the Quads. During her welcome to Coffs Harbour, her birthplace, and other

towns in Dorrigo Shire, she had been at her best with children and lost all her shyness when talking to them.

When Marjorie, her parents, and sister Beryl arrived in Bellingen late in the afternoon with the official party who arranged their tour of Dorrigo Shire, they stopped first at the Sara home before going on to the civic reception.

This was planned so that the Quads' routine would not be disturbed.

When Marjorie arrived, Percy Sara brought her into the lounge of the Sara home

where Mrs. Sara, six-year-old Geoffrey Sara, and the Quads were waiting for her.

Betty Sara had dressed the Quads in their best clothes for the occasion.

Mark and Phillip wore their button-on pants and pale blue cardigans, and Alison and Judith had on their pretty pleated tartan skirts and blue twin sets.

The children were shy when Marjorie was introduced to them.

Mark and Alison clung to their parents. Phillip was content to watch Marjorie

from a distance. Only Judith needed no encouragement to make friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and Beryl had waited outside with the rest of the party. Then Marjorie and all the Saras came out into the garden.

Alison immediately ran up and down. Then Phillip made friends with Beryl. By the time she left he was firmly ensconced in her arms.

Mark was the only one who stayed close to his mother.

It was interesting to see Mrs. Sara and Mrs. Jackson, both mothers of famous children, talking together. It was a rushed meeting, but they managed to congratulate each other on their respective offspring.

"Judith's my girl," said Marjorie as she left. "I don't want to leave her."

"The Greatest Show on Earth..."



Veteran movie-maker Cecil B. deMille couples human drama with the colorful tableau of the biggest of the world's "big tops"—the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey Circus—in his technicolored film story of the modern circus, "Under The Big Top."

Three years in the making, Paramount's film has great circus stars on hand as well as a large cast of feature and extra players. The result is brilliant screen spectacle.



HOLLY, queen of the aerial trapeze (Betty Hutton), loves gruff circus manager Brad Braden (Charlton Heston) until high-wire ace Sebastian (Cornel Wilde) joins the show as star of the coveted centre ring.

①

ANGEL, the elephant girl (Gloria Grahame, left) and her partner Klaus (Lyle Bettger). Out for revenge when Angel shows a close interest in Brad Braden, Klaus urges an elephant to put its foot into Angel's face.

②

SEBASTIAN THE GREAT, dare-devil of the high bar (Cornel Wilde, right). "A god in the air and a devil on the ground," especially with women. Sebastian makes a play for Holly, who challenges him to increasingly dangerous aerial feats.



The glitter of the sawdust ring is only one aspect of this story of life under the "big top."

CECIL B. deMille takes the lid off show business on wheels to present personal conflicts in the spun-candy world of high-stepping horses and high-flying stars.

Half a dozen stories flourish around the loves and hates and the triumphs and hopes of good

trouper and ambitious chisellers.

There is the excitement of the biggest train wreck ever filmed. The first section of the Ringling circus train is stopped by robbers. Roaring round the bend a few minutes later, the second section, carrying performers and animals, plunges into the standing train in a smashing impact of steel and wood.

While lions prowls among the wreckage and elephants surge to the rescue, petty emotions are forgotten as performers work desperately to pull the circus together.



BRAD BRADEN, efficient circus boss (Charlton Heston, centre), settles a dispute between his motley performers against the confused background of a huge circus tent.

BUTTONS, the clown (James Stewart, left). Mystery and hidden tragedy lie behind the grotesque facade of Buttons, the father confessor of the troupe. Buttons never takes off his make-up, even when he is out of costume.

PHYLLIS, the iron-jaw girl (Dorothy Lamour, right), acknowledges applause. Phyllis thrills the crowd nightly by spinning through the air while hanging by her teeth from a bar. She, too, is smitten with cynical Sebastian, who is an old flame.





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Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ The Wild North

STEWART GRANGER has never been more charming than in the role of colorful French-Canadian trapper Jules Vincent in Metro's "The Wild North."

Granger's portrayal of a husky backwoodsman who is vain, childlike, and as wild as his rugged environment gives the film more merit than the fabricated plot deserves.

The story tells how a Mountie (Wendell Corey) chases Granger into the far north country to bring him in on an accidental killing.

Their trek back to the post is one of hazardous hardships; they run into a big freeze, are almost trapped in an avalanche, and are held up by a

couple of tough customers who happen to be passing by.

When the two men have completely lost their bearings they are attacked by a hungry wolf pack and, reversing the "mountie always gets his man" theme, the prisoner brings the policeman into the post in a state of mental blackout.

En route, of course, each man learns to appreciate the true worth of his companion, and there is a chummy finale.

Cyd Charisse brings slight romantic interest to this outdoor adventure as a half-breed Indian girl who waits for Granger.

There are some nice snow and river landscapes mixed with studio backgrounds, and there is a thrilling sequence in which two men who look like Granger and Corey shoot dangerous rapids.

In Sydney—St. James.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Something To Sing About," musical starring James Cagney, Evelyn Daw. Plus ★ "The Great John L.," boxing drama starring Linda Darnell, Greg McClure. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Belles On Their Toes," technicolor comedy starring Myrna Loy, Jeanne Crain, Debra Paget, Jeff Hunter. Plus ★ "The First Legion," drama starring Charles Boyer, Barbara Rush.

CIVIC.—★ "Two Flags West," American Civil War drama starring Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell. Plus ★ "Wabash Avenue," technicolor musical starring Betty Grable, Victor Mature. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★ "Happy Go Lovely," British technicolor musical starring Vera-Ellen, Cesar Romero, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Saturday Island," technicolor romantic drama starring Linda Darnell, Tab Hunter, Donald Gray. Plus "Seven Keys to Baldpate," thriller starring William Lundigan, Jacqueline White. (Re-release.)

LIBERTY.—★ "Ivanhoe," technicolor romantic drama starring Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Bright Victory," war drama starring Arthur Kennedy, Peggy Dow. Plus "Comin' Round the Mountain," comedy starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello.

LYRIC.—★ "Where No Vultures Fly," technicolor African adventure starring Anthony Steel, Dinah Sheridan, Harold Warrender. Plus ★ "The Sundowners," technicolor period Western starring Preston Foster, John Barrymore, jun.

PLAZA.—★ "Operation Pacific," war drama starring John Wayne, Patricia Neal, Ward Bond. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Detective Story," drama starring Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, William Bendix. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "With A Song In My Heart," technicolor biographical-musical starring Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "La Ronde," sophisticated French comedy starring Danielle Darrieux, Anton Walbrook. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★ "The Marrying Kind," domestic comedy starring Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray. Plus "Sunny Side of the Street," cinecolor musical starring Terry Moore.

ST. JAMES.—★ "The Wild North," northern adventure starring Stewart Granger, Cyd Charisse, Wendell Corey. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Glory Alley," starring Ralph Meeker, Leslie Caron.

VARIETY.—★ "Red Mountain," technicolor Western starring Alan Ladd, Elizabeth Scott, Arthur Kennedy. Plus "Night at Earl Carroll's," musical. (Re-release.)

VICTORY.—★ "The Sniper," psychological drama starring Adolphe Menjou, Arthur Franz, Marie Winsor. Plus ★ "Storm Over Tibet," drama starring Rex Reason, Diana Douglas.

Films not yet reviewed

MAYFAIR.—"Diplomatic Courier," drama starring Tyrone Power, Patricia Neal, Hildegard Neff, Stephen McNally. Plus "Fabulous Senorita," comedy starring Estelita Rodriguez, Robert Clarke.

PALACE.—"Half Breed," technicolor Western starring Robert Young, Jack Buettel, Janis Carter. Plus "Tanks a Million," Army comedy. (Re-release.)

PARK.—"Man of Bronze," sporting drama starring Burt Lancaster, Phyllis Thaxter. Plus "Decision of Christopher Blake," drama starring Alexis Smith, Robert Douglas. (Re-release.)



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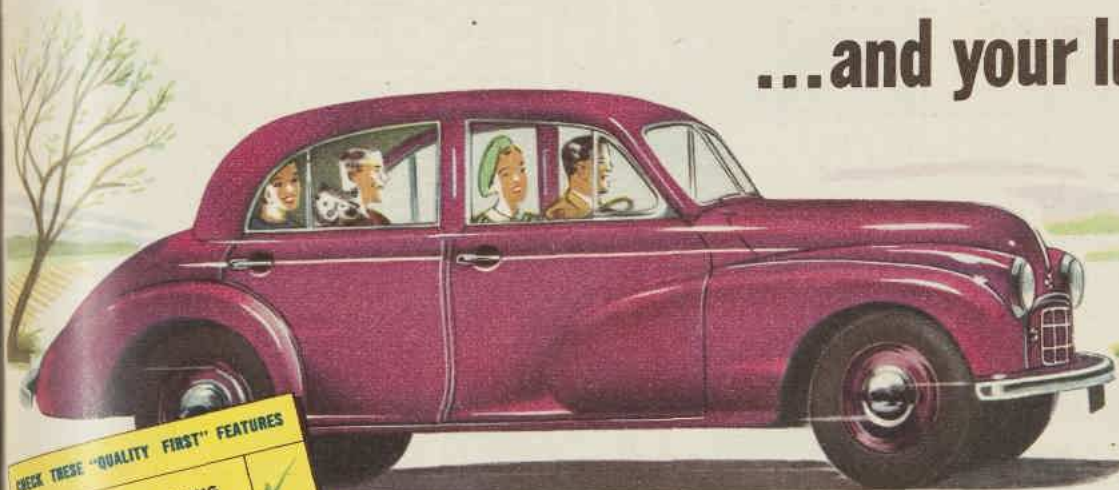
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IN THIS CAR of remarkable size all seats are within-the-wheelbase, where they should be for comfort, increased stability and easier riding. And there's heaps of room for luggage, over 7 cubic feet of space. Look at the "Quality First" Morris Minor inside and out; it has what it takes to make a small car BIG! Here is an economy car listing many of the features that are highlighted in the specifications of the big cars of to-day. Available in three models — Four-door Saloon, Two-door Saloon and Convertible. Arrange a demonstration date with a Morris Distributor or Authorised Nuffield Dealer. Learn how little it costs to buy a "Minor" — how much it saves to run.

"The Morris Minor colour range includes Austral Blue, Gascoyne Grey, Golden Beryl, Mist Green, Black."



Morris, Wolseley, Riley and M.G. Cars • Morris and Morris-Commercial Utilities, Vans and Trucks • Nuffield Universal Tractors . . .

... all these are Nuffield Products, built and backed by a name you can trust—and sold and serviced by Authorised Nuffield Distributors and Dealers throughout the Commonwealth.



NUFFIELD (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD., JOYNTON AVENUE, VICTORIA PARK, ZETLAND, N. S. W.

The Australian Women's Weekly—September 10, 1952

Page 33



"Johnson's soothes
my skin in seconds



... yet protects
us for hours"

... say the lovely
SARA QUADS

For skins so soft and smooth as the
lovely Sara Quads, there could be only
one choice ... Johnson's Baby Products.

Bring all this comfort, all
this tender skin care to
your baby by keep-
ing them in your
nursery ... always!



Johnson's
BABY
POWDER
SOAP, CREAM,
OIL
Best for baby
Best for you!

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

"GROWING UP IN INGOLA"



"Possums are terribly strong—
just like

Ingola
FABRIC



1 NEWS of their son, who is campaigning for the
welfare of natives in South Africa, is received by
wealthy James Jarvis (Charles Carson) and his wife
(Joyce Carey) at the family home near Ixopo, Natal.



2 LETTER tells Rev. Stephen Kumalo (Canada
Lee), pastor of Ixopo parish, of illness of his sister
Gertrude. Kumalo visits Johannesburg to see her and
try to find his son. He is distressed by conditions

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY



3 SEARCH for his son Absalom leads
Kumalo, with friends, to visit Mary
(Vivien Clinton), a young native girl
who is expecting his son's child.

ALAN PATON'S novel
"Cry, the Beloved Coun-
try," dealing with the color
problem in South Africa, is
the subject of London Films'
production of the same name.

The story sets out to show
how bad environment and
poverty drive Negroes in
South Africa to drink, pros-
titution, and crime.

Filmed entirely in South
Africa, the drama parallels
tragedy in the lives of two
men—a poor Negro clergy-
man and a wealthy white
man.

In their darkest hour white
man and black find a solu-
tion to their problems, and
a lasting friendship is born.



4 TRAGEDY strikes in Ixopo
when Jarvis' son is murdered.
Kumalo's son is arrested with two
natives who are robbing the house.



5 SORROWFULLY Kumalo hears the sentence of
death passed on his son for murder of the white
man. The boy admits he fired the fatal shot because
he was afraid. His two accomplices are freed.



6 MARRIAGE of Mary and Absalom (Loma
Ngakane) is solemnised before Mary returns to
Ixopo with Kumalo. Kumalo is sad when Gertrude
decides to continue her squalid existence in the city.



7 WEARY in body and sick in soul, Kumalo and Mary hear
in their native village of the failure of Absalom's appeal.
The final blow falls when Kumalo is ordered to leave his
parish for another because of the scandal of Absalom's crime.



8 SYMPATHY of James Jarvis helps Kumalo
in his darkest hour; through their friendship
Jarvis comes to understand native problems
and Kumalo is able to remain in his own parish.

This month's **A.M.** THE AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY brings you an important **WARNING ON WONDER DRUGS**

You must read this surprising report on the danger of using the new drugs indiscriminately. They can raise strains of deadly bacteria that defy treatment. A research doctor tells the whole story in the September issue of A.M.

★ ★ ★
Least of reading and pictures in the same big issue!



Don Zapata—a Steinbeck novel presented in an exciting new form.



Mussolini's Ghost City—an unfinished paradise outside Rome.



Don Bombs and Pearls of Western Australia.



Voodoo Dancer who made London stare.



**JANE RUSSELL'S
LIFE STORY:
2 FULL PAGES OF
PICTURES OF
HOLLYWOOD'S
MOST
SEXSATIONAL
STAR**

A.M.—ON SALE NOW!

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

A case of referred pain Baby was "too good"

WHEN Mabel Green came to consult me last week she said she felt she couldn't stand much more of the pain in her arms.

"Between the pain and the loss of sleep, doctor, I feel worn out," she said. "In fact, I dread the nights."

"Does the pain keep you awake, or can't you go to sleep?" I asked her.

"I really fall asleep quite easily; in fact, almost on my feet, but I wake up soon afterwards with this burning pain and tingling in my arms right down to my little fingers, and then I can't go to sleep again," she said.

I inquired as to her work and any unusual activity.

"No, just the usual grind, plus some gardening. Of course, the shopping is pretty strenuous, but I should hardly class that as 'unusual activity' these days."

"Any pains in the neck or shoulders?"

"No, not in my neck, but over the top of my shoulders."

I examined her shoulders and arms, listened to her chest, moved her head from side to side, and felt her neck, but could find nothing abnormal. She gave no history of injury, and when I had completed my examination I said to her:

"I think you have a rheumatic condition of the bones in your neck—what is called a spondylitis."

"It is not uncommon in people in their forties—radiologists unkindly call it 'age changes.'"

"The vertebrae develop small outgrowths, which press on the nerves as they come from the spinal cord. This is worse in certain positions."

"But I don't feel anything in my neck, doctor!"

"No," I said, "that is not always the case. These are what we call 'referred pains.' They are referred by the nerves to the area of skin which the nerves supply, and if the 4th and 7th cervical nerves are involved the pain would have the distribution of which you complain. However, you must be X-rayed, and when the picture tells you the story you will be more inclined to have treatment."

"I shall have anything to give me relief!" she said. "But what will the treatment be if it is what you suspect?"

"Of course, Mrs. Green, we may find that the condition is not as bad as I fear," I said.

"In that case short-wave treatment may give you relief, perhaps permanently, perhaps for a time."

"You would certainly be more comfortable at night if you were to sleep on your back with a pillow under each elbow to help keep your body still."

"If you prove to have fairly severe spondylitis, you will

have to wear a Thomas' collar, which holds your head rigid on your body."

"The weight of your head is carried through to your trunk, and thus the bones of your neck get a complete rest."

"I have seen those collars," she said despondently, "and they look very uncomfortable."

"Their ugly appearance can be camouflaged," I cheered her. "You will not have to wear it all the time. Probably twelve hours in the twenty-four will be sufficient, and after three months you should be cured."

"If you made your twelve hours daily include the nighttime you would find it would provoke less comment among your friends, and after a few nights you would sleep well."

MRS. COOPER came into the surgery with the youngest of her brood fast asleep in her arms. "I am quite worried about baby," she said. "He is so good—just lies and goes—none of my other babies were like him."

"It is not often I'm consulted about that," I said. "He looks a fine boy to me, Mrs. Cooper. Most mothers would envy you."

"I suppose it is because he is such a change after my other tigers, but, as a matter of fact, it is really his head I am worried about, doctor. It is such a peculiar shape—"

I looked at his head and examined this good and fine little boy, and then calmed his mother, telling her that the flatness of the back of his head was due to lying so many hours on his back.

"He is too good-tempered," I said, "and you have taken advantage of that fact. He is nearly six months old now and he should be propped up so that he will learn to balance and move himself around a little."

"You will find that his head will become a more normal shape in a few months, Mrs. Cooper," I reassured her.

"You are sure there is nothing wrong with his brain or the bones of his head, doctor?"

"I can assure you on that point, Mrs. Cooper. Any baby who is as good as yours and who is allowed to lie down while he will would have the same appearance."

"In the same way babies who are always placed on the one side may have heads which appear quite lop-sided."

"You see, a baby's skull contains a great deal of membrane and several thin bones, so that it yields very easily to pressure."

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.



A lady abroad

At what is she looking? Niagara Falls, the Franz Josef Glacier, a Mediterranean shore or the Giant's Causeway? Whatever it is, she seems completely absorbed, her whole mind devoted to enjoying every moment of her trip. No financial worries can mar her enjoyment, for, in her wisdom, she asked the Bank of New South Wales to arrange her travel finance before she left Australia.

Wherever you go, carry—

**BANK OF
NEW SOUTH WALES
TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES**

Ask about Bank of New South Wales Travellers' Cheques at the nearest branch of the Bank

(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

AS210C



Safer for Chorn—

Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes

New MUM TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
MUM



Beutron boil-tested WHITE BUTTONS

Won't crack, discolor or lose their lustre, no matter how often they're boiled or dry-cleaned! Boil-tested in every known brand of soap-powder — always with the same wonderful result!

Actually boiled for an hour before they leave the factory! Your money back if they deteriorate in any way. Pure white plastic, in many sparkling patterns, a variety of sizes!

1/6 PER CARD (With two yards of matching cotton)

The gold Pinwheel "Beutron," 1/-



The Big Saucer "Beutron," 2/1

Beutron ORIGINALS

"Absolute detail" reproductions of newest French and American buttons — selling at wonderful, little prices

High-fashion buttons with a lovely "jewel-like" look — a feathery lightness! Watch out for enormous saucer buttons to wear on fly-away Spring coats! — dramatic jet buttons to wear, as Paris does, on stark-white pique! — the most translucent pearly buttons made from the same material as the finest simulated pearls you can buy — (buckles to match these) — and again this year — fabulous cocktail Beutrons plated with real gold and silver!

The Pearly Acorn "Beutron" with the Diamante Centre, 11d.



The Faceted Jet "Beutron," 1/-

The Pearly Basketweave "Beutron," 10d.



The Plastic Ring "Beutron" with large Diamante Centre, 1/6

The Silver Ring "Beutron," 1/3



1'4 1/2

With two yards of matching cotton

PER CARD

Beutron OPAL-GLO BUTTONS

Always match — never clash

It's the iridescent 'Opal-like' finish that enables you to match florals, plains . . . all the new weaves for Spring. You can take any type of fabric — in any depth of color — light or dark — and your 'Opal-Glo' buttons will reflect its color. . . . No other buttons 'pick up' fabric-colors like Beutron 'Opal-Glo' buttons!

Hot irons can't hurt them — They launder beautifully — You can tell dry-cleaners they're guaranteed!



G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Dunning Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.



...thanks to
KIWI
THE WAX SHOE POLISH
THAT GIVES
A BRIGHTER SHINE
FOR A LONGER TIME

Nine colours — Black • Dark Tan •
Mid Tan • Tan • Brown • Mahogany •
• Ox Blood • Blue • Neutral.
All in the Open-in-a-Bush tin



AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST
SELLING SHOE POLISH

**MANNEQUIN—
EXTRA S.S.W.!**



LITTLE Deidre Woolcott, of Moorabbin, Victoria, pictured here at 15 months, is a tribute to her mother's early care. Says Mrs. Woolcott:—"I have read where many children have had Vegemite since they were 6 months old, but my babe commenced taking it in the bottle at 6 weeks. She started modelling at nine months old, and everyone says she is a living recommendation for Vegemite!" Vegemite is a rich source of the complete Vitamin B complex and contains more Vitamin B₁ than any other yeast extract manufactured and sold in Australia. Tastier, too, goes further, and Vegemite contains no starch. Made by Kraft. K777

RHEUMATISM PAIN ENDED

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Spasmodic, you should try the modern vaccine method of curing the germs which cause the rheumatic inflammation. Ask your Chemist for the new vaccine Lantigen 'C'. It starts acting from the first dose to reinforce the body's natural healing powers. (1) to kill the rheumatic germs, (2) to neutralize their poisons which have circulated through the system. Thus the cause of inflammation is corrected, pain is relieved, swelling reduced. You sleep better and freedom of movement returns. Relief often lasts, say years, for years. Costs only a few pence daily. Proved successful when all else failed. Ask your Chemist for **Lantigen 'C'** C14

MOTHER



"Yoo-hoo! Doing anything this morning?"

BUTCH



"I know what'll bring Butch out. Let's all start stomping on his petunias."

It seems to me

PEOPLE who manufacture household starch ought to be feeling more cheerful than most of their business contemporaries.

Starch consumption has risen in all households which include females who follow fashion.

The stiffened petticoat, which came into general favor last summer, has survived the winter and looks like retaining its place in the wardrobe this summer.

All this starching and ironing provides a great laugh for older women who recall the underwear in vogue round the beginning of the century. They have seen generations of girls shriek at the very idea of so much work and fuss on such cumbersome garments.

Now the scoffers slave over hot irons every week-end.

It proves that comfort and ease are seldom the decisive factors in fashion. If clothes are labor-saving as well as smart that's all to the good. But it is my firm belief that if Mr. Dior reintroduced bustles we'd wear them without a murmur.

TELEVISION, already heavily criticised for its effect on children, is now blamed for a drop in clothing sales.

An American advertising executive says that women who used to dress up to go to the local movies don't bother about their appearance when they have a television set, and that housewives are becoming frumps.

It's an ill wind. The makers of television sets are thereby presented with a new line of sales talk:—"Buy your wife a television set and save on draper's bills."

ARACEHORSE owner in Ohio, U.S.A., complains that the starter and another man tied the tail of his horse to the starting gate. The horse, which was favorite, was unplaced.

It just shows, you know. Everyone thinks America is so far advanced in every way. But that seems an awfully old-fashioned way of slowing up a horse, doesn't it?

IN Melbourne last week a father, down from the country, took his schoolboy son to dinner at a fashionable restaurant.

Deciding that it was never too early to learn to be an urbane host, father suggested that son order the meal and pay the check.

He handed over some extra money with the remark, "That's to tip the waiter."

"Cripes, Dad!" exclaimed son in a loud, clear voice, "That's more than you give me for a week."

TWO men were staring at a window display of those new, wide, elasticised satin belts.

Said one, "The wife tells me they're wearing those things on the outside now. Never know what they'll do next, do you?"



Dorothy Drain

THE eastern capitals have been absolutely crawling with scientists these past few weeks.

The radio-physicists' conference in Sydney was followed by that of the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science, and Melbourne has had its Medical Congress.

You could take your pick, every day of the week, from pronouncements made by experts.

One of the pieces which interested me most was the statement by Dr. E. B. Kraus, a meteorologist, that in ten or 15 years' time it might be possible to forecast weather a year ahead.

Well, that might be nice, or it might not... "Daddie, when you were a boy didn't you know whether it was going to rain or not?"

"No, son. Those were the good old days. Now your mother says I can mow the lawn next Sunday morning because it will be fine, but that I may go to golf on Saturday fortnight because light misty rain is predicted. Next month there will be two wet week-ends in a row and she has ordered timber for me to make the spare-room cupboards."

ON sale in Britain for children is a toy "cosh"—a hollow piece of rubber shaped like a cosh with a four-inch nail driven through it.

The Humane Education Society objects to the toy. The secretary said: "It's a stepping-stone to juvenile delinquency. Manufacturers could send the toys to the local child guidance clinics, where psychiatrists would decide what effect they would have on the child mind."

It might be better if the manufacturers took themselves along to a psychiatrist.

CLARK GABLE, who is making a film in Britain, has been causing speculation by visiting Paris every week-end. Rumors of romance were dispelled when Gable explained that it was to save tax. As a foreign actor he is allowed 186 days in Britain before he pays British tax.

*Gable the charmer, older now,
Drinks in the Paris air,
Nods at a fan with a gracious bow,
Is she young, perhaps, and fair?*

*Paris, city that spells romance,
It melts the heart like wax,
But what makes the senses reel and dance
Like the thought of evading tax?*

*As he strolls by the Seine and in old
Montmartre
Life takes on a rosier hue.
As one grows old one sure gets smartre,
All this and a rebate, too!*

Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells

It's the wick that
does the trick!



Only Air-wick contains
Chlorophyll

... the miracle-working substance nature uses to keep trees and grass fresh and green, plus 125 other compounds used by nature

Something wonderfully new for the home and office. Air-wick, the marvellous new discovery that kills smells as if by magic. Just unscrew the cap, pull up the wick, and place above the source of the smell. All disagreeable smells vanish. And Air-wick is not a disinfectant, it doesn't merely cover up one smell with another, because... Air-wick is the only air-freshener sold in Australia that contains Chlorophyll, plus 125 other compounds as used by nature. It actually kills smells in the air—boiling cabbage, burning fat, stale tobacco. It freshens the air in stuffy halls, bathrooms, musty, uninvited rooms.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and you will be reimbursed.

Air-wick is the ONLY air-freshener sold in Australia which is also sold in the U.S.A. and England. It is regularly used in over 11,000,000 American homes.

Air-wick

Costs less than one penny per day to use

At all chemists, grocers, hardware and general stores
DISTRIBUTED BY HORLICKS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY



Make Baby's Hair
CROW CURLY
4 Weeks Treatment
3 1/2 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

APRIL SNOW

Lillian Budd.

This moving story of a
courageous Swedish woman is
an overseas best-seller.

16/-

From all Booksellers.

SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane,
Adelaide.

Lustre creates Lacy Loveliness for Spring!

Here is the radiance of spring for your adornment. Glorious fabrics in all the flowery shades of peach, lilac and white rose. Each garment is lavishly trimmed with deep flounces of fine, imported, needle-run lace and carries the hall-mark of Lustre in its perfect cut and superb finish. Truly you'll be lovelier in Lustre!



Vest and matching scanties with this enchanting lace trim. Wear them in either Peach or White Rose.



A slim-fitting slip with lace bra top and lavish lace hem. Wear it in White Rose or Peach.



A graceful flowing nightgown lavished with lace... in the new and delicate flower pastels. Honeysuckle, White Rose and Peach.

Lustre
LINGERIE

You're Too Anxious, Darling

Continued from page 4

IT seemed that the sharp edge of his eagerness had dulled. He rang up as often as before, but something was gone from his voice. When he looked at Carole now, it was not, somehow, in the same way.

As the days passed, his calls and attentions slackened too; he claimed to be very busy in his office.

Carole wasn't deceived. He's moving away from me, she thought. I'm going to lose him after all. In her bewilderment and fear her desire was to clutch at his sleeve as he turned away and ask: "Why, David, why? What has happened?"

She could not. Her pride would not let her.

When his calls ceased altogether, she could not believe it. In a daze she watched Janie move about the flat with a radiant face.

One late spring night as she lay on the lounge with her eyes closed she marvelled that her sense of loss was still so overwhelming; it was as if she had watched David go just the day before. I guess I'll never get over him, she thought. Tears welled up under her eyelids, but she winked them away hastily at the sound of the front door being opened.

As Janie came slowly into the room Carole realised that she had paid little attention to her these past few weeks. Now as Janie mumbled a hello and sank down into a chair Carole looked at her closely and was shocked by what she saw. Janie had changed; in some indescribable way she looked older.

Carole sat up. "What's the matter?" she asked.

Janie smiled a little crookedly. "The same thing that's the matter with you," she said. "In books they call it unrequited love."

They had not discussed David, but Carole had known that she never could keep anything from Janie. Now, however, she was not thinking of her own troubles.

"Russell?" she said, frowning. Now that she thought of it she realised she had seen very little of him lately. "What happened?"

"Your guess is as good as mine," Janie said, in the same toneless voice. "All I know is that he's fading out of the picture fast. Going, going... gone." Tears slid slowly down her cheeks. She moved her head and looked at Carole. "There must be something I can do. Tell me what it is."

Carole was filled with pity. "I can't," she said. "And there's nothing you can do, darling. If you went after him now you'd only make it worse and lose your pride into the bargain."

She shook her head slowly. "Once a man loves and then

loses interest there's nothing in the world that can bring that love back again."

In the long silence that followed they both sat motionless. Then a new expression began to change Janie's face. She sat up slowly in her chair. "I don't believe it," she said. She stared at Carole. "You know what we are? A couple of dopes."

Her breath was coming faster, and her cheeks were flushed. "Why, we're not even putting up a fight!" She jumped to her feet and started towards the bedroom. "Well, I am even if you're not. I'm going to call him this minute."

"Don't!" Carole said. She sat up, her eyes filled with alarm. "Don't do it, Janie—you'll regret it. You can never get a man back by running after him, believe me. At least this way you'll have your pride."

Janie had paused to listen but now she snorted. "Oh, hokey," she said. "I don't care about anything. I love him, that's all. For the first and last time I'm going to tell him so." A moment later the bedroom door closed behind her.

Carole sank back on the lounge and closed her eyes. After a little while she heard the distant sound of Janie's voice, then there was another sound that made her groan faintly. Janie was weeping.

Dear Janie, Carole thought. Poor Janie. There was such a sad futility about this telephone call.

The long silence in the other room was followed by Janie's murmuring voice. Then came the longest silence of all.

The bedroom door opened, and Janie stood there, her eyes shining, a kind of glory in her face. She walked into the living-room with the slow, dazed motions of a somnambulist, her hands clasped together.

"He was so happy," she breathed. "He couldn't believe that I loved him. He hadn't thought that I cared about him at all." She stared at Carole without really seeing her. "He said I seemed so cool and indifferent."

"I'm going to see him—" her eyes focused suddenly and flew to the clock—"right away." She ran towards the door, then ran back for her beret, perching it at a precarious angle on her head. "So long," she said. The front door slammed behind her.

It opened again almost at once, and Janie stood on the threshold looking at Carole. "Ring David," she said.

Carole stared at her. It had all been so sudden, so unexpected; she still could not marshal her thoughts. "Oh, I couldn't," she said. "I couldn't possibly ring him. Once a man's interest—" She wet her lips. "I—"

"Rubbish." Janie moved forward, her brows drawn fiercely. Then her expression softened. "Look," she said, "your system works well up to a point. A man likes to know where he's at after a while; he wants love and attention too—just as much as a woman does." She leaned over. "Did you ever tell David you love him?"

Carole shook her head weakly. "No," she said. "Sometimes it scares a man off, I thought—"

"Stop thinking," Janie said. "Stop worrying about the rules. Tell him now."

She turned around and was gone with a second slam of the door.

Carole lay motionless a long time, staring at the ceiling. Then she rose like a disembodied spirit and walked into the other room. As she stood there, looking down at the telephone, she was conscious that her heart was hammering against her ribs. I can't, she thought, I can't.

She turned away, then moved back again. Defiantly she lifted the receiver and dialled David's number. She didn't care what happened now; some of Janie's recklessness had taken possession of her. Nothing mattered except to hear his voice again.

At the sound of his deep "Hello?" her throat locked; she could not speak. "Hello?" he said again. "Hello?"

"David," she said in a strangled voice. "It's I, David, Carole."

"Carole." His voice quickened. "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

Suddenly, to her horror, she found that she was weeping, she could not help herself. "Y-yes," she half sobbed. "It's just that I've been so unhappy without you—so lonely. I've missed you so, David."

"Missed me?" His voice was incredulous. "Why, Carole, I didn't know you ever gave me a thought. I gave you up at a lost cause a long time ago." "Lost cause?" Her breath caught. "Why, David, I love you." She closed her eyes, conscious of the most delicious drowning feeling. It was ecstasy to say the words aloud. "I love you. Didn't you know that?"

She could hear his quick intake of breath. "No," he said. "I didn't know—how could I?" His voice was low and a little rough. "I can't believe it." For a few seconds there was silence. "Look," he said, "I must see you. Where are you?"

"Home."

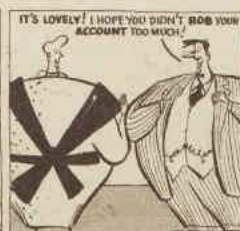
"I'll be over right away."

"No," Carole sounded breathless and very eager; her eyes were shining as she gazed unseeing at the wallpaper. "No, I'll meet you halfway—it's quicker."

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



"You too can be LUX LOVELY"

says
BETTY HUTTON

Exotic somersaults, hand-balancing on the flying high-lap and nerve-tingling loop-the-loops are all part of Betty Hutton's latest role in Paramount's technicolor epic, "The Greatest Show on Earth" . . . Yet even after the most exhausting scenes, the blonde bombshell looks as fresh and as radiant as ever! Her secret? Daily beauty baths with pure-white Lux Toilet Soap. Here's what she says: "A Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath makes me sure of skin that's sweet, gives me a work pick-up, leaves me refreshed!"

Follow Betty Hutton's advice—always use pure-white Lux Toilet Soap. The standard size for your hand basin or the big BATH size for your daily beauty bath.



Betty Hutton, now a polished trapeze star, performs 10 feet above the arena. On location or at home Betty always has a supply of pure-white Lux Toilet Soap close by.



BETTY HUTTON'S BEAUTY FACIAL



"First I cover my face with Lux Toilet Soap's rich creamy lather," says Betty.



"Then work it well in and rinse my face with warm water, splash with cold."



"I pat gently to dry with a soft towel. My skin feels lovelier already."

LUX GIRLS ARE LOVELIER!

9 out of 10 film stars use Pure White Lux Toilet Soap



So SAFE

You'll want to use it always!

For COLOURS that Bloom in the Spring

Lux care keeps cotton prints springtime bright three times as long. Strong soaps and harsh washing methods like bar soap rubbing soon shorten their life. Gentle Lux care keeps them safe.



For Nylons, UNDIES a longer lease of life

A daily dip in creamy Lux and means double the wear for stockings. Tests prove it! And safe Lux care whisks away damaging perspiration from delicate undies, keeps them fresh, dainty.



Penny Wise for DISHES

With Lux you can do all the dishes for as little as a penny a day. Gentle Lux keeps hands soft and smooth, even after the biggest wash-up.



A LITTLE LUX DOES SUCH A LOT

It's the fabric that
makes the frock

That is why your nicest things should always be in one of Ferguson's famous fabrics. They're breathtakingly beautiful, wonderfully long-wearing, and all fully guaranteed, of course.

Illustrated is Ferguson's famous "CARLO-SPUN," the most popular spun rayon fabric ever produced.



FERGUSON FABRICS

FERGUSON BROTHERS, LTD., Carlisle, England. Manufacturers of Textiles since 1824.

Worth Reporting

TO keep abreast of scientific progress we asked the founder of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau, Mr. Edgar Bruce Jarrold, of Fairfield, N.S.W., to come and tell us about his research into these mysteries.

Mr. Jarrold arrived with a businesslike brief-case and a nervous smile.

As soon as he sat down he produced from his brief-case sheaves of notes and his cutting-book, and explained:

"I would like to read my replies to any of your questions; so many people seem a bit ..."

"Sceptical?" we asked. "Well, yes," said Mr. Jarrold. "Anyway, unless I read my answers I might say something unscientific."

He then told us that, among other things, the aims of his bureau were "to correlate all available reports and data," "make the information freely available to the Government," "exchange data on sightings with the United States and other Western countries," and come to "the swiftest possible, definite, and irrefutable conclusion as to the cause of flying saucers."

"I have been very interested in all scientific subjects from a very early age," he added.

"As a result, I have decided that the problem of flying saucers is urgent and pressing. They might be dangerous if they are extra-terrestrial in origin."

In the first two weeks of the bureau's existence, Mr. Jarrold collected two dozen reports of "personal saucer sightings."

"I take no notice of single reports unless the type of informant seems serious enough," he said. "Then I reply to his letter to encourage him."

"I let nothing stand in the way of my research once I'm on a lead."

"After all, France and the United States have accounted for 60 per cent. of all their flying saucers, while Australia is way behind, having only accounted for 20 per cent. I wouldn't give it up for anything now."



"Never mind, dear. I found it."

How to pamper a turkey

WHILE in San Francisco recently, a man we know remarked to some American business acquaintances on the magnificent turkeys he had just seen on Texas turkey farms.

"Know how they get the birds so plump?" asked one of the Yanks. "Our research scientists here decided to eliminate the muscular effort involved by a bird putting down its beak to drink and putting back its head to swallow."

"Most farmers have now installed our special turkey drinking troughs raised to a height requiring the least possible effort for the birds."

WE wish to make a protest against a new American-made word, "mumism" (easily translatable to "mumism" for Australian use), meaning, we gather, the theory of over-protective motherhood.

While admitting that there is probably a lot to be said against this type of mother, we feel that it's a poor thing that Mum's shortcomings should be embraced by an "ism."

If, by some unfortunate chance, the word comes into common usage here, we can just see the day when some precocious brat will attack its long-suffering mother with "Aw, go on. You're just a mumist."

LONDON TALK

By Michael Plant

SAVILE ROW WAS jammed with Rolls Royces, Hardy Amies, the Queen's dressmaker, was giving a private preview of his autumn collection in his salon at No. 14.

Mr. Amies opened the door by giving these pointers:

"You will see an indication of the higher wartime, though the natural waistline is never abandoned. Indeed, it is emphasised at the back and sides, but in front the fullness is released high under the bust."

"A feature of the collection is a new color of our own pinky orange, which we call blood-orange."

When I tell you that sitting around me were Vivien Leigh, Mrs. Winston Churchill, Dame Edith Evans, Phyllis Calvert, and Ann Todd may be you'll understand why I haven't the faintest idea what the dresses looked like.

HOW inconspicuous can you be? Gene Tierney has been visiting West End theatre inognito. Her disguise consists of a large black hat with thick black veil, and thicker black sunglasses. Miss Tierney refused to comment on any point. "Studio policy," she says. "I could be she can't see them."

AUSTRALIAN

Billy Kerr, whose gloomy humor ("They've only given me four minutes") has proved mighty popular with B.B.C. listeners, has got his first big screen break playing a lonely Australian pilot in "Appointment in London." When the film is finished, Bill is off to entertain troops in Korea before going home to appear in variety at Sydney.

DOWN

DOWN at Brighton recently I noticed Anna Neagle sunning herself on that strip of lacerating pebbles the locals laughingly call a beach. Miss Neagle was not wearing her recently received C.B.E.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

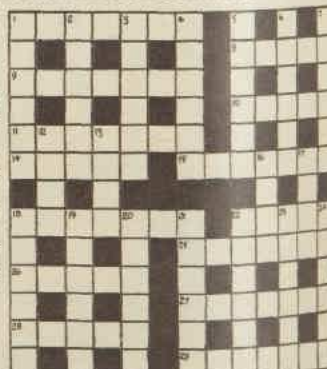
1. Big and little ones existed for breaking eggs, according to Swift. (7)
2. A shady bower. (5)
3. To free in turned seed and laughs to scorn. (7)
4. Escape 1947 years ago in case. (5)
5. Income about generous. (7)
6. Occurrence of a smooth sea. (5)
7. Tree art. (Anagr. 7)
8. Portent before wise man. (7)
9. Small island is hindrance. (5)
10. One thousand in the French sound is a French town on the Riviera. (7)
11. Part of an act. (5)
12. Rich, short musical composition and you forty days before Easter. (7)
13. Leaves out nothing with disturbed mist. (5)
14. This poet could have made up medical prescriptions had he not been separated from little Diana. (7)

Solution will be published next week.



Solution to last week's crossword.

1. Mixed nude about last. (6)
2. Deduce from rid Eve ruined. (6)
3. Such spirit is alcoholic or eager. (5)
4. My brother is her father's son. Who is she? (6)
5. Regret, may become mental. (6)
6. Escape of a bilboe with five hundred in it. (6)
7. Ripost. (Anagr. 6)
8. This can be at any time or always. (4)
9. Pinholes to be found in Reverend Smith. (4)
10. Be still about a holy man. (4)



DOWN

11. What's in a name? The end of prayer, of course. (6)
12. Person exercising spiritual guidance is in father's rocky hill. (6)
13. Printer's measure and the price I see in this unpleasant medicine. (6)
14. Disinclined a piece of poetry. (6)
15. Carve in solid me warm tears and the master. (6)
16. Bury in a highway between Epsom and Melbourne. (6)
17. Sweetheart, look the center of down. (6)
18. Come in after tea for a month for stretching cloth. (6)

Give a Man Rope

Continued from page 10

was done. "Ten thousand pounds," he said. "Now I will sign. Bring the quill and the ink, Nella."

"Sign here," Jarrold said. Smitty signed his name, Jan Smit, with immense care and very large. "I do not like to sign," he said, "but I can see no danger in this." He looked at his signature with pride and drew a thick line under it.

"Now we will sign, with the girl as a witness," Jarrold said. The others signed.

Jarrold put the deed into his pocket.

"Now," Smitty said, "we will have a glass of wine. On an occasion like this, one should drink to the success of one's venture, should one not, Mr. Jarrold?"

Smitty poured the wine and raised his glass. "To success," he said. "And now you can prospect, though I doubt if you will find much."

"We are in no hurry," Jarrold said. "It is just that we were afraid someone might get in ahead of us. You can't keep something like that quiet. And now we must be going."

Smitty watched them drive off.

Yes, he thought, till we meet again.

The next day Smitty put on his best Sunday suit and told Nella to put on her pink dress and pink hat.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

"Many things, my child. We are going to the bank with the money, which will come to you one day. After that I have some private business to do, but you will be safe enough in Frickie's hands till I come back."

"Frickie?" she said, blushing. "Oh, that Frickie! You are going to leave me alone with him?"

"With him and his ma," her uncle said.

"Oh," she said, "you are a very wicked uncle."

"I am a very clever one," Smitty said.

"Uncle," she said, "I do not understand what has been going on—with Jarrold, I mean."

"No, you do not understand, my child, because you have had other things on your mind. But the plan has worked. It is finished. Only the final nail remains to be driven, and the hammer is in my hands."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, my child, there are no diamonds here. Jarrold and Fanshaw got a sample of soil from Frickie Molteno, salted it with stolen stones from Swartpan, and on the strength of the sample they raised the money to buy the farm. It is not their money, my child. It is the money of many people who hoped to take advantage of a simple farmer. Nor did they tell these people the price was ten thousand pounds. No, my child. They said it was more—much more—and the difference, they put into their pockets."

"How did you know what they would do?"

"I know because I know jackals. When he knew no one could prospect, he hired Frickie to get the soil from the drift. When he found nothing in it, he put diamonds into the sample so that they could start a company. Now they will sell out their shares before work starts."

"And what will you do, Uncle?"

"We will go to the police, and they will find stones in Jarrold's possession which he cannot explain."

"And then?"

"And then he will pay the price. Then he will go to work on the breakwater at Capetown with the others of his kind. The other illicit diamond buyers. Yes," he said, "I knew that if I gave him enough rope he'd hang himself."

When they reached the village he pulled up at Widow Coetzee's house.

"I thought we were going to the bank," Nella said.

"I am going to the bank, but first I have business here, and you, my girl, will wait for me at Frickie's house. If he is not there, wait with his ma, and tell her to send for him. Say that I am coming."

Selina Coetzee was pleased to see him. "You thought you would catch me with my house in disorder and my hair in curlers," she laughed at the idea.

"No," he said, "I have come to take you for a drive. I have something in the cart that you must see. Come," he said, "to the bank with me."

They drove to the bank, and, leaving her, he went in and returned with the manager and two boys.

"There," he said, pointing to the back of the cart.

"What have you got?" Selina asked.

"Gold," he said.

They unloaded the bags of gold. Selina stood by his side while the money was weighed.

"Ten thousand pounds," the bank manager said.

"Yes," Smitty said. "Now we will go back to your house and you will make me coffee."

SELINA'S voice was half-respectful when she said: "You are a masterful man."

"And now that I am rich," he said, "I shall be more masterful. There will be no more delays and no more talk. You will marry me, Selina. This is your last chance. If you do not, I will find another."

"So it is me who has delayed things? Me—"

"Make coffee," he said.

He followed her into the kitchen. "When we have had coffee we are going to the police," he said, "and then to Frickie Molteno."

"Why the police?"

"To tell them that Jarrold has some stolen diamonds in his possession."

"Perhaps he got them on Sterkfontein?"

"There are no diamonds there."

"But you showed me diamonds, Jan, I told—"

He began to laugh. "Yes," he said, "I showed you my little crystals in axle-grease, and you told my secret. I love you, Selina. To tell you a secret and not have you tell it again would be like expecting a hen not to cackle when she has laid an egg."

"I only told—"

"Yes, the preacher's wife, and the sign-painter, and the attorney Jarrold when he came to call and asked you about the notice board that was being painted for me. You see, my love," he went on, "that was something Jarrold could not resist. A diamond farm that could not be prospected, for ten thousand pounds. A free gift, almost, from an old Boer who thought he was clever."

"But if there were no diamonds?"

"He put them in for his friend Fanshaw. He got them from Swartpan. Many are stolen there. It would not be the first time a farm has been salted with stolen stones."

"I see." Then she said, "And Nella? How does Nella like the idea of your marrying again?"

"She does not know—and she will soon be married herself. To Frickie Molteno, though she does not know it yet. Even now she is with him. And that, too, I arranged by setting them side by side a time or two, and that, with a young man and a maid, is enough. With older people it might take longer."

"Yes," she said, "it might take years. But we shall make a handsome couple."

"You are like wine—you go to my head," he said.

She said, "I had many offers of marriage, Jan. I am a fine-looking woman."

"Like wine," he said.

"A fine-looking woman," she said again, "with property and money in the bank. But my heart was set on you."

"That was natural enough," he said.

"And I knew, Jan, that if I gave you enough rope you'd hang yourself. Yes," she said, "give a man rope."

"What is that you said, Selina?"

"I said give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself. That is what you always said. I remember the first time you said it, and I thought: What a man. What intelligence, a heart of gold, rugged as an oak and intelligent as well. So few men are intelligent, Jan."

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She knows

hands must be beautiful too!



Everyone notices your hands—
they too must be fashion-right to add
the final touch of loveliness.

CUTEX

completes the fashion picture—
brings new loveliness to your fingertips.

Flatter your hands with jewel-tipped fingers that accent your style—
mark you out as "fashion-right".

You can choose a Cutex color that will give your fingers glorious lustre all day, every day... a color with the merest flattering glow or a brilliant color that accents your dress—but always a lovely color that will go gaily, right through the day without chipping or peeling. CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE and CUTEX PEARL BRILLIANCE both contain "Enamelon", the new miracle ingredient that lasts and lasts... resists chipping and peeling longer than any polish you have ever used before.



CUTEX

The manicure that stays lovelier... longer

3006 U

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

JUPITER (March 21-April 20): Jupiter favoring your financial department, September 9 looks like better business affairs. September 13 clinches the deal. Welcome news for most of you this week.

TALUS (April 21-May 20): Fine invitations and plan activities on September 13. Should September 13 prove an emergency, you'll be glad to do it. Romance flourishes on September 15.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Your Gemini charm may not wane on September 10. Do not waste on September 13. Do not use up time and energy. September 14 gives you the green light.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Romance made on September 10. Drawbacks either way, but you may be slightly better off. September 13 holds you hours at home or abroad, with the squabbles of the past now forgotten.

LEO (July 23-August 22): All better than you expected. Do not lose through carelessness. A small sum of money could be interesting on September 10. But later news warns your

VIRGO (August 23-September 22): Venus, the planet of love, pleasure, social life, and other efforts is about to take a turn in your personal affairs. Look for setbacks on September 10 and 13.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): The prospect of new people or interests on September 10 may shake you out of a rather grey interlude. Upsets on September 13 don't matter two hoots.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 23): Are you falling in love with someone, with a plan, with an idea? Then September 9 and 15 have an electric quality you won't forget.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Nobody will see a Sagittarius for dust this week. You're on the job, in the news, here, there, and everywhere. September 13 and 15 are top-flight.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): With determination you plod on towards your objective, refusing to detour, and overcoming obstacles. On September 13 you'll find victory sweet.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Sudden news or a whisper going round may give you a lucky break on September 10. September 14 may bring your plans into focus.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Offers of marriage, the joining of a new social group, the chance to travel, or a new job may be the highlights of September 11.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 10, 1952

It takes more than SUDS ALONE
to get the whitest whites



PERSIL SUDS CONTAIN OXYGEN!
THAT'S WHY ...

**Persil
Washes
Whitest!**



LISTEN TO *Jack Davey* IN
"GIVE IT A GO"
EVERY MONDAY NIGHT AT 8 P.M.

ZLINTER said to Jennifer, "I have seen you look like that. I have seen you look like that many times. It is very true of you." The girl colored a little, and looked very like the portrait.

Zlinter turned to the artist. "You must do something else for Mrs. Dorman," he said. "She has not seen this, no? I will buy this one."

Mr. Shulkin smiled broadly. "That is not possible. I have three pictures that I must paint for Mrs. Dorman, and she will choose the one that she will like the best."

Carl Zlinter said, "You must now paint two more pictures, very, very good, much better than this one, so she will choose one of those. Perhaps you need not show her this one at all."

After they left Shulkin they drove on towards Woods Point. The road became more wooded; presently they came upon a wide river running in a series of pools and shallows on a rocky bottom.

Carl Zlinter said, "My word. I did not know that there was such a river here."

He stopped the car by the roadside and they got out and looked at it; it ran completely deserted, winding through the woods and pastures, rippling in white foam at the little falls and rapids, with deep brown pools between. "It must be full of fish, this river," the Czech said.

"There doesn't seem to be anybody fishing," the girl said. "It is not like Europe, this," he replied. "Here, in this country, there are not very many people, and so not many fishermen. It is another reason why I am happy to be here."

She turned to him. "You're very fond of Australia, aren't you, Carl?"

"I have lived here fifteen months," he said, "and I have seen only this little corner of this big country. But now I should be sorry to live anywhere else." He glanced at her. "Are you happy to be here and not in England?"

"I think so, Carl," she said slowly. "There are so many things, though. I've lived in towns most of my life—one does, in England—and all this is strange to me. I like it. I think I'd rather live here than in an English town."

She hesitated. "One has so many ties with England, though. I've been getting air-mail letters from my father all this week about my mother. She's very ill. I've been wishing I was back in England all this week."

"I am so sorry," he said. "What is it that is the matter with her?"

She told him all about it, standing there with him above the river.

"It would be very sad for me if you went back," he said quietly.

"It would be very sad for me, too," she replied. "I'd rather stay here."

They drove on through a tiny village and crossed the river, and went on for ten miles or so through the woods along the valley by the river.

They passed Gaffney's Creek and a small gold mine shut down for the week-end, and a little later Carl stopped the car. "This is Frenchman's Gap," he said. "Woods Point will be about five miles farther on. Shall we have our lunch here?"

She smiled. "It's very lovely here." She got out of the car and looked around.

"There is here a fireplace," Carl said, and he showed her the blackened stones. "I think it will be safe if we shall make it here."

He set to work to grill the steaks while Jennifer laid out the rest of the meal on a cloth upon the grass in the shade of a gum-tree. "Carl," she said, "Tell me a bit more about this Mary Nolan who knew Charlie Zlinter. Was she Irish?"

"I think perhaps she was," he

said. "There were very many Irish people in this country at that time."

She paused, considering her words. "Did she have a job in Howqua, or how did she come to be there?"

He said, "I do not know, and I do not know how she happened to be living on the other side of the river. Perhaps she will tell us to-day."

"Perhaps she won't," the girl said. "I think we're going to have a job to get anything out of her at all."

They cooked the steaks and ate them hot from the grill, sitting on the warm grass in the shade of the trees, looking out over the blue, misty lines of hills.

"It's all so very different here from anything I've ever known, Carl," she said. "I've always lived where people were hard up, even good, clever people. It's all so different here from England."

He nodded. "I know. I feel like that also. I live in a camp and I must live so for nine months more, but sometimes I wake up early in the morning and I look around and I think of all the fine things in this country that I can do in nine months, the things that I could never do in Europe."

Shyly, he smiled. "I have a calendar upon the wall," he said, "and each day when I get out of bed I cross off one day with a pencil, the day that has gone."

Her eyes moistened a little. "Oh, Carl! Do you do that?"

S T I L L smiling shyly, Zlinter said, "It is a stupid thing, but that is what I do. In nine months now I shall be out of the camp life, out of it forever."

"You won't stay in the lumber camp?" Jennifer asked.

"I do not know. I do not think I can get to be a doctor again in this country. Perhaps I shall stay in the camp for a time as a free man—I do not know. But then it will be different, because I can go at any time if I feel like it. That is not camp life, if you can walk out when you want." He paused. "You are no longer prisoner," he said. "You are free man again."

"When were you a free man last, Carl?" she asked. "When did you last live a normal life, with a home?"

"In 1938," he said. "I lived then at my father's house, just after I became a doctor. Then came the Germans, and I joined the army."

"It's a long time," she said softly. And then she looked up at him and smiled and said, "Were you ever married?"

He smiled back at her. "No," he said. "I was never married. I was spared that complication."

She said quietly, "You must have been very lonely all those years."

He got to his feet and began to put the remains of their lunch together. "Now we must go down to Woods Point and try to see Mary Nolan."

Woods Point proved to be a little town of wooden houses at the bottom of the valley, rather a straggling little town. There was not very much of it, a hotel, a bakery, a store or two strung haphazard along the main street.

Carl Zlinter stopped at the hotel and went in to ask where old Mrs. Williams lived. He came out presently and got back into the car. "It is just a little way," he said. "We must turn round."

Jennifer said, "You've had a beer."

"I have found where Mary Nolan, Mrs. Williams lives," he said. "It is not right for you to say such things."

"It's not fair," she said.

The Far Country

Continued from page 1

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"I have found where Mary Nolan, Mrs. Williams lives," he said. "It is not right for you to say such things."

"It's not fair," she said.

"It is in part of the woman's burden in this country," she marked, "that they are not allowed in the bar."

They left the utility by the roadside three hundred yards back and walked down a grassy lane, asked at a house, were directed to the right hand side of the road.

A middle-aged, sandy-haired woman came to the door. Carl Zlinter asked, "Does Mrs. Williams live here, please?"

She looked at him with interest at his accent. "That's right," she said. "Auntie lives here with us."

"Would it be possible to have a talk with her for a little?" he asked. "My name is Carl Zlinter and this is Mrs. Morton."

To Jennifer the woman said, "Mrs. Morton? Is that your name? You want to talk to Auntie about? She's pretty old, but she knows, and she doesn't have a much talking to get first."

Jennifer said, "We've come over from Leomara station, past Banbury. Mr. Zlinter works in the timber at Leomara. He's trying to find out a relation of his who was in the Howqua in the old days."

The woman said slowly, "Well, I don't mind asking you. What did you say the name was?"

"Charlie Zlinter."

The woman stood staring at him for a moment while the elusive memory of a local legend scattered through her mind. "I've heard that name before," she said. "Some rhyme about a doe?"

"That's right," said Jennifer. "Charlie Zlinter and his heeler hound."

Fell into the Howqua and unhappily drowned."

"That's right," the woman said. "We used to see him when we were children at the Sunday school. Just wait a minute and I'll ask Auntie. She turned to Zlinter. "Do you say your name was Charlie Zlinter?"

"That's right."

"Like in the rhyme?"

"That's right. I am called Charlie Zlinter."

"Well, isn't that funny? Just wait here a minute and I'll ask Auntie."

She went indoors, and he stood in the lane waiting. Presently she came out again with them. "Auntie wants to see you," she said. She hesitated. "You mustn't mind if she talks a bit queer. And I wouldn't stay very long."

They went into the living room of the house. A very old woman was sitting in a chair before the fireplace, with a shawl round her shoulders, and wore rather shabby blue clothes. Her features were long and she was wearing steel-rimmed spectacles. Her white hair was parted in the middle and done in a bun behind her head; there was plenty of it. Her nose was pointed to her. "These are the people who come to see you, Auntie. This is Charlie Zlinter."

The old woman raised her head and looked at them. "It is not," she said, and there was still a touch of the link of her voice. "He's nothing like Charlie Zlinter."

The Czech said, "My name is Charlie Zlinter like the man who lived in the Howqua and was drowned there, with his dog." She turned towards him and fixed him with her eyes. "I do not know if it was a relation of me or not."

She said, "You talk like I do. Where do you come from? Same place as he did?"

"That's right," he said. "I come from the same town, Bohemia."

Please turn to page 10

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 10, 1940



You can look at a lighted "Argenta" lamp without eye-discomfort. There is no "dazzle" in "Argenta" lighting. "Spot brightness" (which occurs in ordinary pearl lamps) is eliminated by the inside silica coating. There are no harsh shadows or contrasts because the light is completely diffused—evenly spread. Ask for Philips "ARGENTA" lamps.

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For your protection

On cuts and scratches, in the sick room from which infection may spread, for first aid and children's injuries, for feminine hygiene, use Dettol.

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The Far Country

Continued from page 42

MARY turned to stare at Jennifer. "Who's this?" she asked Zlinter. "Your wife?" "No," he said. "Just a friend."

She snorted a little, as if in disbelief. "I wouldn't know anything about Charlie Zlinter, no more than any of the other men," she said. "He got drowned. That's all I know."

Carl Zlinter said, "I am trying to find out if he left any papers or books or any letters from his family in Pilsen, or anything to tell us who he was. I think you are the only person in this district who was living in the Howqua at that time, and I have wondered if you could tell us anything, if you remember."

The old woman said testily, "I knew nothing about that man or any other of those men. Why should I know anything about his papers? There was a man there with that name; that's all I know about it."

"Do you remember what happened after he was drowned, perhaps?" the Czech asked. "Do you remember what happened to the things that were in his house? Who took them?"

The old woman made a gesture of irritation. "Sure, how would I be knowing that after all these years?" she said. "There was many a man went away or died or was away out of it for one reason or another, and there was no keeping track of them all, if a body had wanted to. If a body had wanted to," she repeated.

Carl Zlinter asked, "Can you remember where he lived? Would you know where he had his house?"

"I tell you I know nothing about the man at all," the old woman said angrily. "He was drunk and he got drowned, that's all I know. How would I be knowing where he lived or what happened to his gear? I was a decent girl." She stared at them fiercely.

"There, Auntie, there," said her niece. "He didn't mean nothing. He just wants to know if you remember anything about this man."

The old woman sank back into her chair. "I don't know nothing about Charlie Zlinter," she said sullenly.

There was an awkward silence. Jennifer looked up at Carl Zlinter and he nodded slightly; it was developing as they had thought. He said, "I am so sorry—when I heard that you had been in Howqua at that time I thought perhaps you might remember something." He moved towards the door.

"I have to take my utility to the garage before we start back; we have a burst tyre. May I leave Miss Morton here for half an hour till I have had that repaired?"

Mrs. Stevens said, "Oh, that'll be right. I was just

going to give Auntie a cup of tea. You'll have a cup of tea with us while you're waiting, Miss."

"I'd love a cup. Can I do anything?" asked Jennifer.

Carl Zlinter slid out of the door behind her.

"Oh, it's nothing." She bent to the old woman. "You'd like a cup of tea, Auntie?" she asked rather loudly. "We're going to have a cup of tea—I'm just going to put the kettle on."

"I could drink a cup of tea," the old lady said. Her niece disappeared into the next room and Jennifer squatted down on a stool before her. "I went over to 'the Howqua last week," she said. "There's nothing left there now, only the gum-trees."

"You went into the Howqua?"

The girl nodded. "We drove the utility up to the top of the ridge and then walked the last two miles down into the valley."

"Eh, you'd never drive down that track in a motor-car. I heard of one man tried it once, but they had to get a team to pull him out again. Bullocks they used to use when I was there, in eight bullocks to a wagon, in and out of Banbury. That was before the days of motor-cars." She peered about her. "What's happened to that man who was here just now, the foreigner?"

JENNIFER said,

"He's gone to take the car to the garage. We had a flat tyre coming here; we had to change the wheel. He's gone to get it mended before we start back."

There was a long silence. The old woman sat staring at the paper flowers in the fireplace, in red and silver tinsel. "What did he say his name was?"

"Charlie Zlinter," the girl said. "It's just a coincidence, I think; he's got the same name as a man who used to work in the Howqua."

The old woman shook her head. "He never worked in the Howqua. He was a bullock; used to drive a bullock team between Banbury and the Howqua." She paused for a while. "He talked like this fellow. Foreign, he was."

There was another long silence; from the next room Jennifer could hear the rattling of cups. "You're a pretty girl," the old woman said at last. "Too pretty for the likes of him."

Mrs. Stevens came back with the tea and saved Jennifer from the necessity of commenting on that. When the old lady was sipping her cup the girl brought her gently back to the subject by asking, "Did the Charlie Zlinter that you knew look like this one?"

Please turn to page 50

FOR THE CHILDREN



HEAP MORE, MUM!



NEW HONEY-SWEET FLAVOUR excites whole family tribe! Kellogg's Bran Flakes are a honey-sweet blend of the best part of SWEET wheat popped up with tasty, toasty bran. This luscious breakfast is a "2-in-1" winner. You get these TWO great cereals combined in one breakfast cereal—for the price of one!



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 1961

Double Feature

• Give a lift to family menus with something you haven't served for a long time or, better still, with something new.

THE two-course menus on this page offer suggestions for dressing up simple, everyday ingredients and turning them into dishes that have a special occasion air.

All three menus are built round items which are readily available, although local conditions may make it necessary to use different vegetables.

All spoon measurements are level.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)

Savory tomato chops with brown gravy

Mashed potatoes Lyonnaise

Sautéed Brussels sprouts, carrot straws

Apricot pancakes

Coffee

SAVORY TOMATO CHOPS

Five or six rib chops, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 medium tomato, 1 small onion, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch nutmeg, grated lemon rind and herbs, about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup soft breadcrumbs.

Wipe chops with a clean, damp cloth or kitchen paper. Place in a small amount of hot fat in frying-pan and cook steadily in moderate oven until well browned on one side. Meanwhile, prepare tomato seasoning. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add chopped tomato, finely chopped onion, salt and pepper. Simmer over low heat, stirring frequently, until onion is quite soft. Fold in parsley, pinch nutmeg, lemon rind, herbs, and sufficient breadcrumbs to make a thick, firm seasoning. Turn chops and place a spoonful of seasoning on each one. Continue cooking steadily until meat is quite cooked and browned. Just before serving, sprinkle a few breadcrumbs on each. Serve with gravy.

MASHED POTATOES LYONNAISE

One and a half pounds potatoes, salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion or shallot, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, pinch cayenne.

Peel potatoes, cut into even sizes—halves or quarters if potatoes are large, leave uncut if potatoes are small. Cover with cold water. For old potatoes, boiling water for new potatoes, add salt, 1 teaspoon to a pint of water. Cook gently until quite soft. Drain, steam for a minute or two with the lid on. Mash thoroughly, add butter, milk, onion or shallot, parsley, and pepper. Beat with a wooden spoon until creamy. Reheat before serving.

SAUTÉED BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Brussels sprouts, water, salt, butter, pepper. Wash sprouts well in salted water, remove discolored or wilted outside leaves, trim stalks. Drop into boiling salted water, cook gently about 10 minutes, according to size. Drain well, return to saucepan with butter, and shake gently over heat until butter melts. Dust lightly with pepper, serve at once.

APRICOT PANCAKES

Four ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, butter, apricot filling, apricot halves, whipped cream or substitute to decorate; also frosted mint leaves and a few strawberries if desired. Sift flour and salt. Make a well in centre, add unbeaten egg and lemon rind, then stir flour in gradually from the sides. Add milk

a little at a time, beating to a smooth batter with a wooden spoon. All flour should be moistened by the time half the milk is used. Stand aside for 1 hour. Prepare pan by melting a nut of butter in pan, allowing it to burn, then wiping pan quite dry with a piece of kitchen paper and melting another nut of butter ready to cook the first pancake. Pour sufficient batter into pan to barely cover bottom. Cook quickly until set and lightly browned. Loosen edges with a knife and toss or turn, cook other side. Lift out on to plate and keep hot over boiling water until balance of mixture is cooked. Join pancakes with layers of apricot filling, decorate top with apricot halves and cream.

APRICOT FILLING

Three tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon butter (butter substitutes are not satisfactory for butterscotch mixtures), 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour blended with an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 egg-yolk, chopped apricots drained free of syrup.

Melt butter and brown sugar together and cook 3 or 4 minutes until sugar is bubbling and brown but not burnt. Add flour, cook 1 minute, then stir in milk and blended cornflour. Stir until boiling, simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Cool slightly, add egg-yolk, and stir until well mixed. Fold in apricots.

MENU 2

Grilled steak Africaine

French fried potatoes

Puree of spinach, grilled tomato halves

Apple nougat tart

GRILLED STEAK AFRICAINE

One and a half pounds fillet or other grilling steak, butter, 3 or 4 halved bananas, horseradish sauce.

Cut steak into service-sized pieces. Grill quickly, brushing each side lightly with but-

ter and turning 3 or 4 times. Serve immediately with fried bananas and horseradish sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE

Two tablespoons grated horseradish, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons mixed mustard, 3 tablespoons thick cream or 3 tablespoons white sauce mixed with 1 dessertspoon melted butter.

Mix ingredients together, adding cream or white sauce last.

PUREE OF SPINACH

Wash spinach leaves thoroughly under running water, removing white stalk and centre rib. Shred coarsely, place in saucepan with nut of butter, squeeze of lemon juice, sprinkling of salt, and pinch of nutmeg. Water is not necessary, moisture clinging to leaves after washing being sufficient for cooking. Cover closely and cook over gentle heat 8 to 10 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. Drain, press water out thoroughly, chop finely. Mix with a little butter and pepper and serve shaped into small mounds with a tablespoon.

APPLE NOUGAT TART

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, apricot jam, 1 to 1½ cups dry stewed apple pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup coconut, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stale cake crumbs, pinch cinnamon, 1 egg, custard or cream.

Roll shortcrust thinly on floured board, line 8in. tart-plate. Prick base lightly with a fork, pinch a frill around edges. Spread base of tart with a thin layer of apricot jam, cover with apple pulp. Mix sugar, coconut, cake crumbs, and cinnamon. Add beaten egg, spread over apple in tart-case. Bake in hot oven for 10

minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook steadily until nougat mixture is lightly browned. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

MENU 3

Kidneys Creole

Green peas with diced carrot

Mashed potatoes

Rhubarb orange sponge with custard

KIDNEYS CREOLE

One ox kidney (about 1lb.), 2 rashers bacon, 1 medium-sized onion, 1 small green pepper, 1 cup tomato juice (or use half tomato juice and half meat or vegetable stock), salt, pepper, pinch herbs, toast triangles, parsley.

Skin kidney, cut in halves, remove all traces of fat. Cut in halves again, then into thin slices. Plunge into boiling water, drain immediately, then dry in clean cloth. This helps to overcome strong flavor and odor not apparent in sheep or veal kidneys. Chop bacon rashers, cook over gentle heat until fat has melted out. Add prepared kidney, chopped onion, and green pepper. Stir over low heat until kidney slices are seared, add tomato juice, salt and pepper to taste, and herbs. Cover closely, simmer 40 to 50 minutes or pressure-cook approximately 20 minutes. If desired, gravy may be thickened slightly before serving with toast triangles, sprinkle chopped parsley over top.

RHUBARB ORANGE SPONGE

Two cups well-drained cooked rhubarb, grated rind of 1 orange, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 egg, 2/3rds cup milk.

Mix rhubarb with half the orange rind, place in lightly greased ovenware dish. Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Add sugar and grated orange rind; mix to a soft batter with beaten egg and milk. Pour over fruit, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

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PRIZE RECIPES



THE TOPPING of grilled banana and cheese adds to the flavor and appearance of these Continental Hamburgers, the recipe for which wins £5 in this week's cookery contest.

A WINE-FLAVORED sauce as suggested in this week's main prize-winning recipe, Continental Hamburgers, gives a different flavor to this familiar dish.

If preferred, 1 teaspoon of lemon juice may be used in place of wine in the sauce.

The topping of grilled banana and cheese is delicious, but it is not essential and may be omitted.

Send your entries for this popular competition to Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. All spoon measurements are level.

CONTINENTAL HAM- BURGERS

One and a half pounds round or chuck steak, 1 onion, 2 teaspoons salt, pinch pepper, 1/4 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1/4 cup tomato soup or puree, 1 cup hot water, 1 clove garlic, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 teaspoon mixed mustard, 3 dessertspoons dry red wine, 4 bananas (just under-ripe), salt, pepper, lemon juice, 1/4 cup grated cheese.

Mince steak and onion together, season with salt, pepper, mustard, and parsley. Mix well, shape into 8 or 10 flat cakes. Grill approximately 15 minutes, turning frequently.

Prepare sauce. Place tomato soup or puree, water, finely chopped garlic, sauce, and mustard in pan, simmer 10 minutes. Cool slightly, add wine. Sprinkle banana halves with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, grill a few minutes. Arrange on top of hamburgers in shallow ovenware dish; add sauce, top with cheese. Grill until cheese melts and browns. Garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Evans, 118 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

ONE-EGG SLAB CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups flour, 5 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 12 marshmallows, 2oz. chopped semi-sweet chocolate, chopped nuts.

Cream shortening and sugar. Gradually add beaten egg. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with sour milk and vanilla. Lastly, fold in chocolate and marshmallows cut into quarters. Fill into greased lamington-tin or slab-tin 11in. x 8in. Top with chopped nuts, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, cut into fingers.

Consolation Prize of £1 to T. Bailey, 214 James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

Basic recipe No. 18

KITCHEN CUT-OUTS

WHITE SAUCE

Also called melted butter sauce or cream sauce.

Two tablespoons butter or other shortening, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 2 cups milk or milk mixed with meat or vegetable stock or water. A graduated 8oz. measuring cup should be used to measure the liquid so that sauce is correct consistency when cooked.

Melt butter, stir in flour with a wooden spoon, and continue stirring over low heat for 2 minutes without allowing to brown. Stir in liquid, continue stirring until mixture comes to the boil. Simmer gently for 2 or 3 minutes or cook over boiling water for 15 minutes if sauce is to be kept hot while preparing other food.

VARIATIONS

Masking Sauce: To coat vegetables increase flour to 3 tablespoons and increase milk to 2 1/2 graduated measuring cups. For 1 pint sauce, use 1

tablespoon butter, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour, and 1 pint milk (1 1/2 graduated measuring cups).

Sweet Sauce: Omit salt when making and sweeten with 2 tablespoons sugar or honey for each pint of sauce. Flavor with any of the following ingredients: Vanilla, almond or peppermint essence, grated orange or lemon rind or a mixture of both, caramel, coffee essence, grated chocolate, blended cocoa, or spices. To improve texture, whip well after flavoring is added.

Savory Sauce: Season to taste with any of the following ingredients: 1 tablespoon parsley; 1 tablespoon chopped capers; 1 or 2 chopped cooked onions; 1/2 cup grated cheese; 2 or 3 chopped hard-boiled eggs; 1 to 1 1/2 cup chopped, shelled prawns; 1/2 cup or more bearded oysters; 1/2 cup or more chopped sauteed mushrooms; 1 or 2 dessertspoons curry powder added with the flour or blended with a little extra milk.

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The Australian Women's Weekly - September 10, 1952

Page 47



"The improved conditions make Service life really worthwhile. The general conditions are good," says R. G. McKenna, Wollongong Street, Willoughby, N.S.W.



"I like the open air life—but comradeship is a big attraction to most of the lads in the Army with me," says F. E. Hutchinson, New South Wales.



"My Navy service has been the greatest experience of my life. I'm joining permanently," says Martin Macgee of Wollongong, New South Wales.



"In the R.A.A.F. I'll be able to continue my apprenticeship as a fitter and turner. Working conditions are the best," says K. W. Isod of Northmead, N.S.W.



"I left school at seventh grade, and what other career could offer such security and conditions as the A.R.A.?" says Raman Nexia, Tweed Hds., N.S.W.



"The Navy gives me a wonderful opportunity to learn a trade, to travel, and to build up a decent bank balance," says Barry Reibelt of Sandgate, Q.



"I'm happy to be getting the job I like, combined with the wonderful Service conditions now offering," says John Jack of Alder, New South Wales.



"I've always liked soldiering and I was promoted Lance-Corporal after training two weeks," says Ralph Brabender, 14 Luke Street, Heine Bay, N.S.W.



"It took the Wacol National Service Camp to convince me that a mechanical job was the best for me," says Robert Ducal of Beau-desert, Queensland.



"I thought Army discipline was irksome, but now I see that there is always a good reason for what we are asked to do," says K. Webster of Lineb Valley, Tasmania.



"Dad encouraged me to join the Permanent Army. As he has been in it 11 years, he should certainly know," says W. Greenwood, of Coorparoo, Qld.



"I was the first trainee at Wacol Camp to volunteer for the Regular Army—as a career it's tops," says Allen Penn, of Pitt St., Toowoomba, Qld.

IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO EVERY MOTHER WHOSE SON IS SEEKING A GOOD CAREER

Read why hundreds of young National Servicemen
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The success of Australia's new National Service training programme is reflected in the fact that so many of our young trainees, after experiencing modern Service life, have decided to enlist in the permanent Navy, Army and Air Force.

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Every mother can confidently encourage her son to enlist in the Navy, Army or Air Force, knowing that he will be embarking upon a splendid career. You can be proud of your son in the Services—he will be carrying on the proud traditions of Australia's Fighting Forces and helping in Australia's most urgent national task—defence.

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FACTS ABOUT THE SERVICES

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Full details can be obtained from Recruiting centres in all States.



"I've always wanted to be a radar technician as I was a telegraphist with the post office, and now I have my big chance with the R.A.A.F.," says Coe Booth, N.S.W.



"I have always been keen on engines, and as I shall be working on them in the R.A.A.F., I'm keen on the idea," says D. Connors, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



"The Army's good value. I want an active life with good coppers all aiming for the same target—Australia's safety, and says J. Cermody of Redcliffe, Vic.



"R.A.A.F. recruits are well looked after. Leave is good, pay is good, and so are sport and amusements," says Ted Ramsey of Mildura, Vic.



"I was the first trainee at Wacol Camp to volunteer for the Regular Army—as a career it's tops," says Allen Penn, of Pitt St., Toowoomba, Qld.



"In the R.A.A.F. you can select your own trade and how far you advance is up to yourself," says J. A. Duddington of Rand Hall, Yallourn, Vic.



"The Infantry is my particular baby and it's among the best, as it offers good prospects and security," says Robert Sinclair of Nedlands, W.A.



"I have only had a taste of Navy life, but I like the flavour. It's the R.A.N. for me as a permanent career!" says Jack Tekan of Brisbane, Queensland.



"I think there are few jobs which offer so many advantages both in pay and conditions as the A.R.A.," says Colin Butler of Randall Ave., Manly, Qld.



"The Service life is a happy one! Conditions, pay and amenities are equal to anything elsewhere," says M. R. Jordan, West Bellington, N.S.W.



"I am transferring to the Regular Army because it's not just soldiering today, it's a good career," says Michael Lindsay, 23 Sturt St., Grange, S.A.

Made in two hours



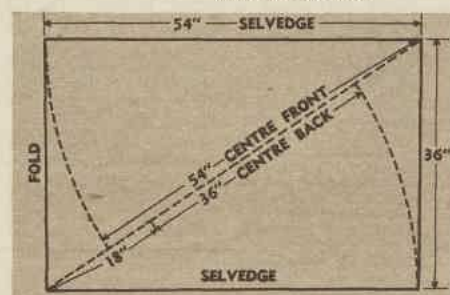
SIMPLE SUN-FROCK is made by cutting out and sewing together four triangles of material. Directions for making the frock are given below.

EASY AND INEXPENSIVE to make, the sun-frock is worn belted at the waist and can be made in either a plain, spotted, or striped material.

HERE is a sun-frock that can be made in two hours or less. Buy three yards of material, fold it in half, cut four triangles, sew up four seams, and hem edges and you have an attractive sun-frock.

The frock has no darts or tucks. It ties on the shoulders, and can be adjusted to fit almost any figure. Belt it with a wide contrasting belt or wear the new season's elastic cummerbund. It is the simplest frock to wash and can be laid flat to iron.

Materials Required: 3 yards of 36in. material (to fit a 32-34in. bust). Plain, spotted, floral, or striped material would be suitable, but make sure the pattern looks the same upside down. Do not buy thick material, as the front and back seams are not cut on the true bias and therefore the checks will not match. **Directions for Cutting:** Open the material out flat and fold in half widthwise, with



CUTTING DIAGRAM for the frock. The side, back, and front seams are sewn to within 18in. of the triangle points to form the neck, armholes, and shoulder ties.

the selvedges together. Measure and cut out the triangles from opposite corners as shown by the broken lines in the diagram.

TO MAKE UP

Machine the centre-front and centre-back seams together, taking care to match the pattern on the material, to within 18in. of the pointed ends. This 18in. each side of the front and back centre-

seams forms the neckline and the tie ends that are knotted on the shoulders.

Machine the side seams together to within 18in. of the tie points, thus forming the armholes. Hem, bind, or face the neckline and armholes and press all seams. Tie the shoulder pieces together as shown in photograph, then cut, pin, and sew the hem to the required length.

Spring knitting designs



THREE-PIECE SET is one of the designs for babies in the 1952 Knitting Book.

THE Australian Women's Weekly 1952 Knitting Book has many attractive designs suitable for spring and the cooler days of summer.

More than 50 are illustrated, many in color, and complete instructions are given for every garment.

The patterns include a lady's tailored sleeveless golf cardigan, smart lightweight jackets for office-going teenagers, while for the older woman there are more formal styles for day and evening wear.

Obtain a copy to-day for only 2/- from any bookseller or newsagent or forward a request with a postal note to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, for a copy to be sent.



SWEDISH designing gives a new note to the popular short-sleeved cardigan.

A godsend to us...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and, I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Ruby L.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too! Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment acts



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulation.

In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day. Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood

Get quick relief from backache rheumatism sciatica lumbago headaches dizziness

Free Diet Chart Send a stamped addressed envelope to British Medical Laboratories Pty. Limited, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney, for your FREE copy of the Menthoids Diet Chart.

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BELT IN TWO
STYLES



So light, yet designed for complete comfort and security. Easy to adjust and ideal for women who prefer a belt "with pins."

The new patented improved clip gives wonderful ease of adjustment with perfect fit. So easy to wear yet so re-assuring.

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THE SAFE, SOFT SANITARY NAPKIN

Modess and the Modess Belt are the perfect companions for confidence, safety and absolute comfort.

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TOMORROW
depends a lot
on TODAY...**



To be radiant, energetic and free from minor ailments which take the joy out of living you must avoid Constipation. If you want to enjoy perfect health the natural way take Beecham's Pills, the purely vegetable laxative, tonight. Then you'll be really fit and ready for work or play tomorrow.

**TAKE
Beecham's Pills
TONIGHT**

THE PURELY VEGETABLE LAXATIVE

B.P. 52-12

The Far Country

Continued from page 43

MARY NOLAN shook her head vigorously. "Ah, Charlie Zlinter was a fine, up-standing man," she replied, "twice the man of this one. He was a great strong man with black curly hair, strong enough to break the neck of an ox, and he with his bare hands alone. Broader in the shoulders, he was, than this man of yours, and a champion at anything he'd set his hand to. A grand, powerful man."

She sat sipping her tea and staring at the tinsel flowers, lost in memories. After a moment, she went on, "There was a slab of stone before the fireplace in his cabin, the way the ashes would be kept back in the fire. A slab as big as that . . . four hundredweight, he said it weighed. I've seen him lift that slab with his two hands, and carry it away. Sure, there wasn't a man in Howqua could have done the like of that."

"It must have been a terrible loss when he got drowned," the girl said.

"Ah," said the old woman, "it was a sad, sad day, and Howqua was never the same after. The mine closed down, and folks began to drift away, because with the mine shut and the gold finished there was nothing left to stay for. By the time I went out there was every other cabin in the place empty, and folks just walking in and out picking over stuff that had been left behind."

"Which cabin did Charlie Zlinter live in?" the girl asked. "No, 15, Buller Street," the old woman said. "It was just the room with a fireplace and a bed, and a bench where he'd sit working at the bullock harness, sewing with a palm upon his hand like a sailor. He was a sailor one time, so he told me; that's how he came to be in Australia. He jumped his ship and came up to the gold-fields, but he found that he could make more money with the wagon."

"Did he make much money?" "My word, the bullockies made money," the old woman said. "More than the miners or prospectors did. But they were generous as well, ah, Charlie Zlinter was an open-handed man, a kind, generous man. Many's the thing he used to bring me from the town."

There was a silence after she said that. Jennifer sat at her feet hoping that Carl Zlinter wouldn't come back and break the spell; she felt now that she could ask this old woman anything. She said presently, "Did anybody live in Charlie Zlinter's cabin after he died?"

The old head shook. "There was people leaving Howqua every day from that time on. Nobody lived in it before I left. There were houses to spare, the way you'd see doors open all along the street."

"What happened to all his things? I mean, what did happen in the Howqua when a man died like that? Did the police take them?"

Mary Nolan set her cup down. "There was a policeman, Mike Lynch was his name, from County Kerry; he lodged about the middle of Jubilee Parade, but I'm not sure if he was there. I don't think there was anything in the cabin to trouble with."

She sighed, paused, then went on slowly, "Early in the morning, the day Charlie Zlinter was found in the river, I went to his cabin in Buller Street, because he was back from Banbury. I knew that because I heard him in the dark night singing outside the hotel that Peter Slim kept, and I knew that he was drinking."

Again she sighed. "I thought maybe he'd have fallen asleep in his clothes or done himself an injury in the cabin, and so I went out and went to his cabin

on the far side of the water before it was light, the way the neighbors wouldn't see me go. I had done that before sometimes, and cleaned him up and made him breakfast, and taken his clothes home to wash, very early in the morning, so nobody would know. But Glory be to God, the man was dead already and I crossed the bridge that he had fallen from, and never knew."

Jennifer said, "Did he leave any papers or books in the cabin, Mrs. Williams? Can you remember anything like that?"

"Never a book," she said. "There wouldn't have been many books in Howqua at that time. Charlie was no scholar, but he could read labels and that—not the longer words. He did have papers of some sort with him, although he never showed me. He kept them all locked up in a tin box he called his dirty box, not very big."

The girl asked, "What happened to the box after he was dead? Can you remember that?"

"It wasn't there," said Mary Nolan. "I remember looking for it special when I found he wasn't in the cabin, and his door left open, because I knew he set store by it."

"What would have happened to the rest of his things?" the girl asked. "Who looked after those?"

"Sure, and there wasn't very much," the old lady said. "He was buried in his Sunday suit, they told me. I never went near, because there had been tongues wagging in the Howqua about him and me, and I knew that if any of the women spoke against me I would have flown out at them, and that I would not do at Charlie's burying."

SHIVERING slightly, the old woman stared at the tinsel flowers in the grate. "I looked into the cabin once, and the bedclothes were still upon the bed, but a possum or a rat had nested there, and the bucket still full of water, and a loaf of bread still in the cupboard, all gone green with mould."

She drew her shawl more closely round her. "It's not good to go back afterwards to places where there has been happiness," she said. "It bears at your heart. I never went back again, and soon after that I left the Howqua myself. I'd say the cabin stayed like that until the fire came through."

The girl took one of the old hands and held it in her own. "You must have loved him very much," she said.

They sat in silence for a time. The old woman was tiring, and it was evidently nearly time to go. "One last question," Jennifer said. "Did Charlie Zlinter ever tell you anything about his people in his own country?"

Mary Nolan shook her head. "I know he had a wife, but he wouldn't be talking to me about her."

The girl stayed ten minutes longer for politeness, then she said that she would have to go and see how Zlinter was getting on with the car, or they would be late in getting home. She said good-bye to the old woman; Elsie Stevens stepped outside the door with her.

"She had a nice talk with you," she said. "I haven't seen her so bright for a long time."

"I hope I haven't made her too tired," the girl said. She said good-bye to Mrs. Stevens and walked on the lane to the utility. Carl Zlinter was sitting there in it, smoking.

"She not talking when you went away, Carl," she said. "She told me a lot of things, but I don't know that any of it's much good to you."

"Shall we drive out of town and then stop, and you can tell me what she said?"

They drove quietly back to

the river. Presently they parked the car and walked across a strip of pasture to a bend. As they went she told him all about it. "She didn't know much really that you didn't know already, Carl," she said. "There were papers in a box, a tin box, but she doesn't know what happened to that or what was in it." She told him what she had heard from the old woman. "She did look for it particularly that morning, but it wasn't there."

"She didn't know of any other place he might have put it?"

The girl shook her head. "She thought he might have had it with him when he fell into the river—in that case, it would be at the bottom of the Howqua."

They came to the rocky edge of the river and sat down on a boulder in the shade to watch the water and to talk. "She said he lived at No. 15 Buller Street," Jennifer told him. "Is that enough to tell you where the cabin was?"

He took a folded paper from his breast pocket and began to spread it out. "What's that?" she asked.

"It is the township plan that I copied in the Shire Hall," he said. He stood up, and spread it on the flat boulder that they had been sitting on; she helped him to hold the corners down. The paper was dazzling in the bright sun. He moved his finger down the plan. "Here is Buller Street," he said. "Here is fifteen, the number on the block. I think perhaps this was the place."

She bent to look at the faint pencil lines with him. "This is fifteen," he said. "The cabin must have been on this allotment."

"Could you find the actual place on the ground from this map, Carl? Is there anything left there now to show, that's marked upon this map?"

"I think that we could find the place from this," he said. "Here, this solid marking, this must be the Buller Arms Hotel, and that still showed upon the ground a little."

Please turn to page 51

STRANGER COMING?



... this you need professional help as advice, instead of the famous baby's health. Thousands of copies already sent out to you. Australian mothers. Tell you all you want to know about modern methods of baby care. To receive your copy send your name and address—no charge—in stamps—to Dr. S. S. Mendenhall, Health Fund Commission, 141 St. Valley Road, Waltham, N.S.W.

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HE other girls were always wondering where Betty went each pay day. One day they asked her. She laughed.

"I have a date with a bank teller."

"What's he like?" they wanted to know.

"Oh! It isn't always the same one."

"Just a minute, what's going on?" they demanded.

So Betty told them that each pay day she put something into her COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNT; that that was how she had saved for all the wonderful holidays she had told them about; and that was how she was collecting such a lovely trousseau.

Now the other girls go with her each pay day. Why don't you go, too? You and your account are welcome at the

**COMMONWEALTH
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C.S. 4042

The Far Country

Continued from page 50

JENNIFER nodded interestedly, and Zlinter went on, "This map is to the scale of two chains to each inch. Perhaps there are other markings left that Billy Slim will know. I think it will be possible to measure out upon the ground, and find this block again in Fuller Street."

"When are you going to do that?"

"I would like to do it to-morrow," he said. "Would you come with me once more to the Howqua to-morrow?"

She looked at him with laughing eyes. "I don't know what the Dormans will think if I keep going out with you like this, Carl."

He smiled back at her. "Does that matter very much? You will be going to Melbourne very soon to start your work, and then we shall not go out any more, and the Dormans will be happy."

"I know," Mary Nolan had decisively found that the other Charlie Zlinter had a way with him. Perhaps these Charlie Zlinter were all the same. "Of course I'll come with you, Charlie," she said, unthinking.

He laughed and met her eyes, still laughing. "I am not Charlie Zlinter," he said. "I am Carl, and you are not Mary Nolan. That was fifty years ago. We are very different people."

She laughed with him, flushing a little. "I don't know why I said that. I've been talking about Charlie Zlinter all the afternoon, I suppose."

"I do not think it is a compliment," he said. "Charlie Zlinter was a very bad, drunken man, and he was a bullock driver."

She looked up and met his eyes, still teasing her a little. "Well, what about you?" she asked. "You're a very bad man and a lumberman. I don't see much difference."

"I am offended," he announced. "A bullock driver is much lower in the social scale than a lumberman. I would not say that you were like to Mary Nolan. I would not be so rude."

"I hope you wouldn't."

There was a pause; he looked from her across at the little spools of the river, at the smooth water running to the miles. Then he turned to her again, smiling. "I might have said it," he remarked. "Mary Nolan was kind to a man who was very far from his own home. I might quite well have said that you were like to Mary Nolan."

She did not answer that, but dropped her eyes and picked a little piece of clover in the grass that she was sitting on. "Also," he said, "I think that Charlie Zlinter, although he was not a very good man—he was in love with Mary Nolan. I think perhaps that is another likeness."

"Lonely people often think that they're in love, when they aren't really," she said quietly. "It must take a long time to be sure you're properly in love with anybody and not just lonely."

"Of course." He reached out and took her hand and held it in his own hard brown one. "Will we be going to the Howqua to-morrow?" he asked.

She smiled at him. "If you want to, Carl." More and more like Mary Nolan, she thought, but she could deny him nothing. "If you're quite sure that it's safe for a girl so like to Mary Nolan to go back into the Howqua."

"It is very safe," he told her. "There is no Charlie here, only a Carl. No bullock driver, only an unregistered doctor full of inhibitions and repressions."

She laughed and withdrew her hand. "I wouldn't put much trust in those," she replied. She got to her feet. "I'd love to come with you to-morrow, Carl," she said. "We'll make it all right with the Dormans, one way or another."

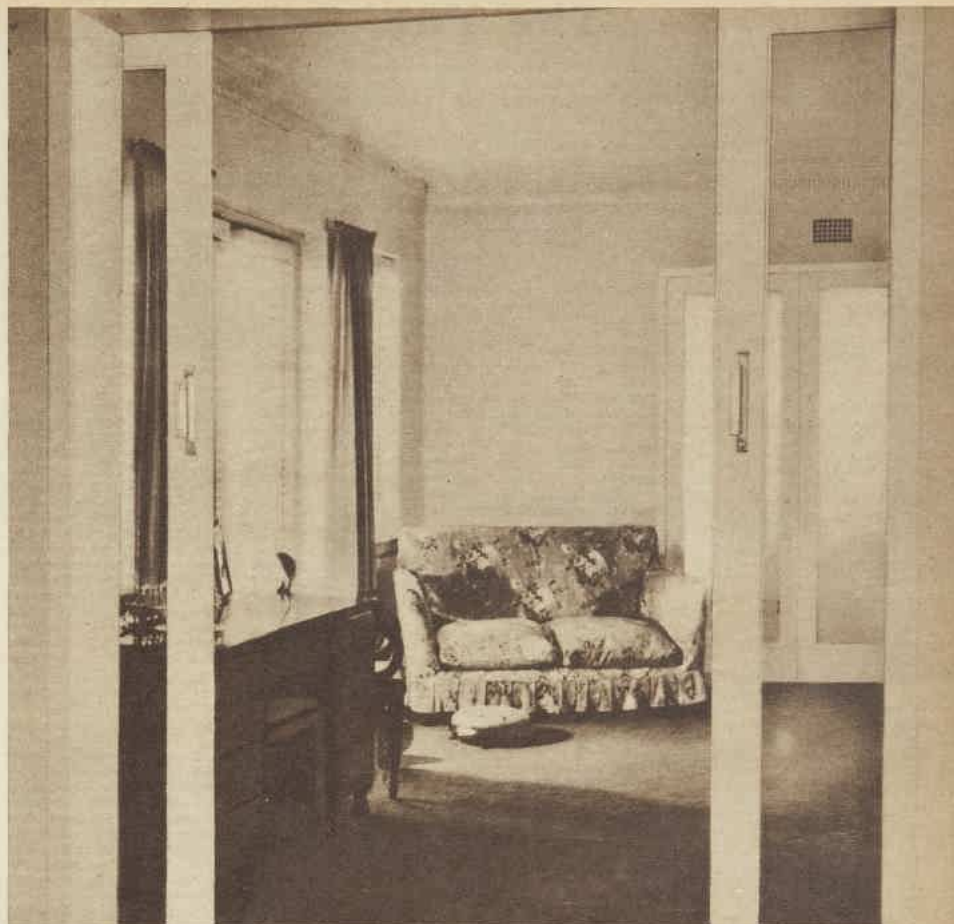
They began to walk back across the paddock to the car, very near to each other but not touching. To ease the tension she began to question him about the house that he wanted to build in the Howqua Valley. He told her that it would be very small and simple. He thought that he could build it in the week-ends before winter. It would be very simple inside, with just one built-in bunk and a fireplace and a table.

"It is all I need," he said. "Just somewhere to be at the week-ends and to leave fishing rods."

She said, "And you're going to build it on the site of Charlie Zlinter's house?"

"I think so. I do not really think that Charlie Zlinter was related to me, Jenny. There are many Zlinteres in Pilsen. It would be pleasant if he was, but anyway I do not think that he shall ever know. But since there was a man of my name there, if his house was in a pretty place I will build mine where he built his, because we came from the same town."

Please turn to page 52



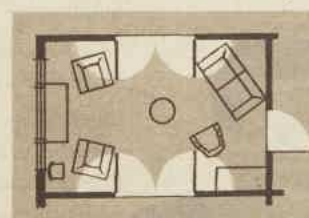
I made my Living Room 27 sq. feet LARGER —and I only changed to sliding doors



"Steady on," said our architect when I told him how I wanted my living room . . . French doors onto the terrace, double doors into the dining room, direct access to the

kitchen. "Remember every door you swing eats nine square feet out of your usable floor space. To get the most out of that room you need sliding doors."

How ordinary doors were eating up Mrs. Jones' floor space



track to interfere — everything's up above. And, with sliding doors on Bangor track, not an inch of space is wasted. I was able to move the lounge back to a sunny corner and the desk isn't banged any more.

How sliding doors gave Mrs. Jones extra furniture space

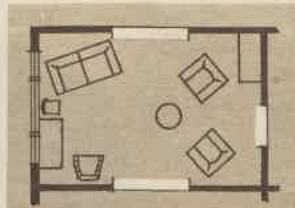
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Bangor is the reliable fitting for all types of sliding doors. You can equip any type of home with whatever type of door suits you best—and you'll be surprised how little it will cost.

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Beauty in brief:

Pretty tricks

By CAROLYN EARLE

● When it comes to grooming it's the small finishing touches that count. Here are some do's that help give a well-put-together look to the appearance.

FOR a clean-cut hairline take a small, stiff brush (a narrow toothbrush) and stroke back fine hair-ends that stray down on to the forehead.

● The same brush can double as an eye-brush and bow after lashes and brows have been trimmed, tweezed, and tidied. Brush eyelashes down first, then upwards. Brush eyebrows from underneath up and out.

● It's a model's trick to apply mascara with a lip-brush; the brush makes a softer line than that made by a sharp pencil tip. Dampen the brush tip and rub it lightly over the mascara cake; then draw a thin line right down at the base of the eyelashes.

● Give teeth an extra sparkle by mixing a few drops of peroxide with your tooth powder. This may be used safely two or three times weekly.

● When shampooing is delayed, give your hair a quick clean-up by wrapping brush bristles in a piece of cheesecloth moistened with a cleansing lotion, and give your hair a good going over.

JENNIFER thought of Charlie Zlinter's house as Mary Nolan had described it to her when she saw it last, the swinging open door, the pall half full of water, the loaf gone green with mould, and the bedclothes that a possum or a rat had made a nest in. She shivered a little.

"I'm not sure that I like the thought of building there," she said. "Perhaps it's an unlucky place."

Zlinter took her hand. "We will go and see it to-morrow," he said. "We shall know as soon as we are there if it's a lucky or an unlucky place. I think perhaps it gives great happiness, that place, and if that is true it cannot be unlucky."

They walked up to the road in silence, hand in hand. They lingered by the car a little without speaking, and now he was holding both her hands. "It is here that we should say good-bye," he said at last. "I will not stay to-night long at the Dorman's." He hesitated. "It is very impertinent and very wrong," he said, "but may I kiss you?"

She smiled up at him, coloring a little. "If you want to, Carl," she said.

He put an arm round her shoulders and they stood there together by the car for a few minutes. Presently she drew back a little, still standing in his arms, and said softly, "I don't want you to go away with the idea that I'm in love with you, Carl."

He stroked her cheek and said, smiling, "What are we doing this for, then?"

She said, "Because I don't suppose you get a chance to do this very often in the camp. How long is it since you did this to a girl, Carl?"

He thought back over his life, holding her in his arms and caressing the soft hair behind her neck. "In 1945—eight years."

"Poor Carl." She drew closer and kissed him on the lips. "Eight years is a long time." Presently he released her, and

they got into the car and drove sitting very close together in the sunset light to Leonora station.

Jack and Jane Dorman stood on the verandah of their home-stead next morning watching the old utility as Carl Zlinter drove it to the road across the paddocks, with Jennifer beside him. The gracier made a little grimace and turned away. "She's going to tell him, I suppose," he said.

His wife nodded. "She didn't want to tell him here, with all of us about."

He glanced at her. "You think she's really serious?"

"She's serious, all right," Jane replied. "I must say I think a lot of her for this. There was never a doubt in her mind about what she ought to do."

Jack Dorman kicked the leg of a deck-chair. "He couldn't have married her," he said. "Anyway, not for years. He's got another nine months to do in the camp for a start, and then another three years as a student if he wants to be a doctor. It's probably all for the best."

Jane went to the door of the kitchen. "Well, there's nothing we can do about it. She's not known him very long—she may forget about him. She'll have a bad time, though."

Jennifer sat quiet by Carl Zlinter as he drove to Howqua, getting out at each fence to open the gate for him to drive through. She was tired and rather pale, but she had worked with Jane to get a nice lunch ready for him; whatever might have happened, she did not want to spoil his day.

It was just the same fine, cloudless summer January weather that they had had all the time that she had been at Leonora, the same thin wisp of smoke curled up from behind the Buller Range, the same flocks of white cockatoos shrieked and wheeled in shining clouds from gum tree to gum tree in the paddocks that they drove across.

As they passed from the pad-

docks into the woods she roused herself and asked him, "How are you going to find out where the cabin was, Carl?"

He smiled down at her. "I have a surveyor's tape and little wires with colored marking rags on them," he said. "They are in the back. I have asked Jim Forrest if I might borrow these things for to-day."

"Those are what you use for measuring out, are they?"

He nodded. "I think we can measure and find where the cabin was. If Billy Slim is there, he will help us."

They drove on up the track to Jack McDougall's paddock. Presently they came up to the meadow at the top of the ridge, and parked the car in the shade, and got out. Jennifer stood looking out over the wide view at the line after line of blue, forest-covered hills merging into the distance in the bright sunlight.

AFTER a time, the girl turned to Carl Zlinter. "This must be one of the loveliest places in the world. This is where I should want a cabin if I lived in this country."

He smiled at her. "It would be wet and windy and cold up here in the winter," he said, "with deep snow sometimes. It would be more comfortable down in the valley, by the river."

She did not answer, but stood looking out over the blue ripples of the forests, storing her memory. He glanced at her and noticed for the first time that she was pale and drawn, almost haggard. "You are looking tired," he said. "Shall I see if we can drive down to the river?"

She forced a smile; she must not spoil his day. "I'm all right," she said. "I didn't sleep very well last night, that's all. A walk'll do me good. We'd better not risk getting the utility stuck, or we might not be allowed to have it again."

They turned to the utility and took their lunch, and the grill, and the surveyor's gear out

of the back. He would not let her carry anything. "It is quite all right," he said. "If there is any more argument, I will carry you, too."

She laughed. "I'd like to see you try," she said incautiously.

He dropped everything and caught her round the waist and lifted her quickly off the ground. For a moment she rested in his arms, feeling secure for the first time that day; then she put on the mask of flippancy again and laughed down into his eyes.

"All right," she said. "Now put me down again. I knew I wasn't going to be safe here with a Charlie Zlinter in these woods." He put her down, kissed her on the cheek, and released her, flushing and laughing, and bent to pick up the various packages and baskets.

She stood by him, confused. "I wouldn't like to think that this kissing business was developing into a habit," she said.

"It is the usual thing," he assured her. "In my country we kiss everybody good-morning." "I don't believe that's true," she replied. "And anyway, this is Australia. If you go round kissing every girl you meet good-morning you'll find yourself in trouble."

"I would not want to kiss every girl I meet good-morning," he said. "Only one."

She made a face at him, and they set off together down the track into the Howqua, all care momentarily put aside.

When they got down on to the river flat where the house had been, they left the baskets and parcels at the end of the wire bridge, and crossed to Billy Slim's house on the other side. They found him chopping wood in the shade; he straightened up and greeted them. "Morning, Jenny. Morning, Carl. Come fishing?"

"We have not come to fish," the Czech said. "You remember when last we came here we talked about the town of Howqua and where Charlie Zlinter lived?"

"That's right. You was talk-

ing of buying an allotment."

The Czech said, "I have found out now where Charlie Zlinter lived."

"Where's that?"

"Number Fifteen Buller Street."

The forest ranger scratched his head. "Buller Street," he said. "Somebody once told me where that used to be. Was it up the hill, off Victoria Avenue?"

"I have here a map," said Zlinter. "I found one in the Shire Hall at Banbury, and I have made this copy."

They went into the living-room of the house and spread it out upon the table. "My word," the ranger said. "All the years I've been here, this is the first time I've seen a map of Howqua. That's right, there's Buller Street, there's Victoria Avenue, and there's the river."

He studied the map for a minute. "Aw, look," he said. "It must have led up the hill just a little way upstream from the track. Looks like it was the old track down into the town."

Jennifer said, "Perhaps that's why he lived there, because it was on the track out of the town."

"Too right," the ranger said. "That's where a bullocky would want to live."

Carl Zlinter said, "Do you know anything left on the ground from which we could measure, to find where he lived? I have a tape."

"Shouldn't be too difficult," the ranger said. "Let's get across the river and see. I'd like to have a copy of that map some time."

"I will make you one." Two hours later, two hours that had been spent in measurement and argument over the dim lines on the land and the pencil tracings on the map, they reached agreement. They were standing on the slope of the hill fifty feet or so above the river overlooking the meadow where the town had been. Here there was a small space of flat land, about half the size of a tennis court,

quite intrigued. "This must be it," he said. "This'll be where Charlie Zlinter lived."

Jennifer said, "It must have been a much larger house than I thought. Mary Nolan said that it was just a little extra of one room."

"Aw, look," the ranger said, "this wouldn't all have been the house. He'd have to have had a place to put the wagon, and maybe a store for hay, and that. The house would only be a just a little bit of this flat. If you wanted the exact place you'd have to dig around a bit. You'd find stumps in the ground maybe, or else the fireplace."

"I would like to do that," Zlinter said. "If I come out to your place, may I borrow a pick and a spade?"

"Sure," said the forest ranger. "Borrow anything you like."

Jennifer walked with them to the bridge. Carl went across with the ranger to the home-stead to get pick and spade, and she picked up the lunch basket and carried it back to the forest flat where Charlie Zlinter had lived. She dropped down upon the grass in the thin shade of the gum-trees and sat waiting for him to come back with the tools. She was tired, very tired with sorrow and joy too close mixed, glad for him that he had found so beautiful a place in which to build his fishing hut, sad for herself that she was never going to see it.

He came back to her presently and found that she had laid a cloth upon the grass and put the food out on it. "We'd better not make a fire here, had we, Carl?" she asked. "I wouldn't like to see you start off by setting the forest on fire, and we've got masses of cold meat here that Jane gave us, without the steaks."

He looked around. "I would like to find Charlie Zlinter's fireplace and cook a steak on it for ceremony," he said.

She smiled. "We'll dig around a bit after lunch and cook a ceremonial steak."

Please turn to page 54.

I'm worried about you, John



"YOU'RE sleeping badly, you're always tired and nervy, and you've no appetite. Can't you take a holiday?"

"Wish I could, but it's quite impossible."

"Well then, will you do something else for me? I've got some Phyllosan tablets for you. Will you take them?"

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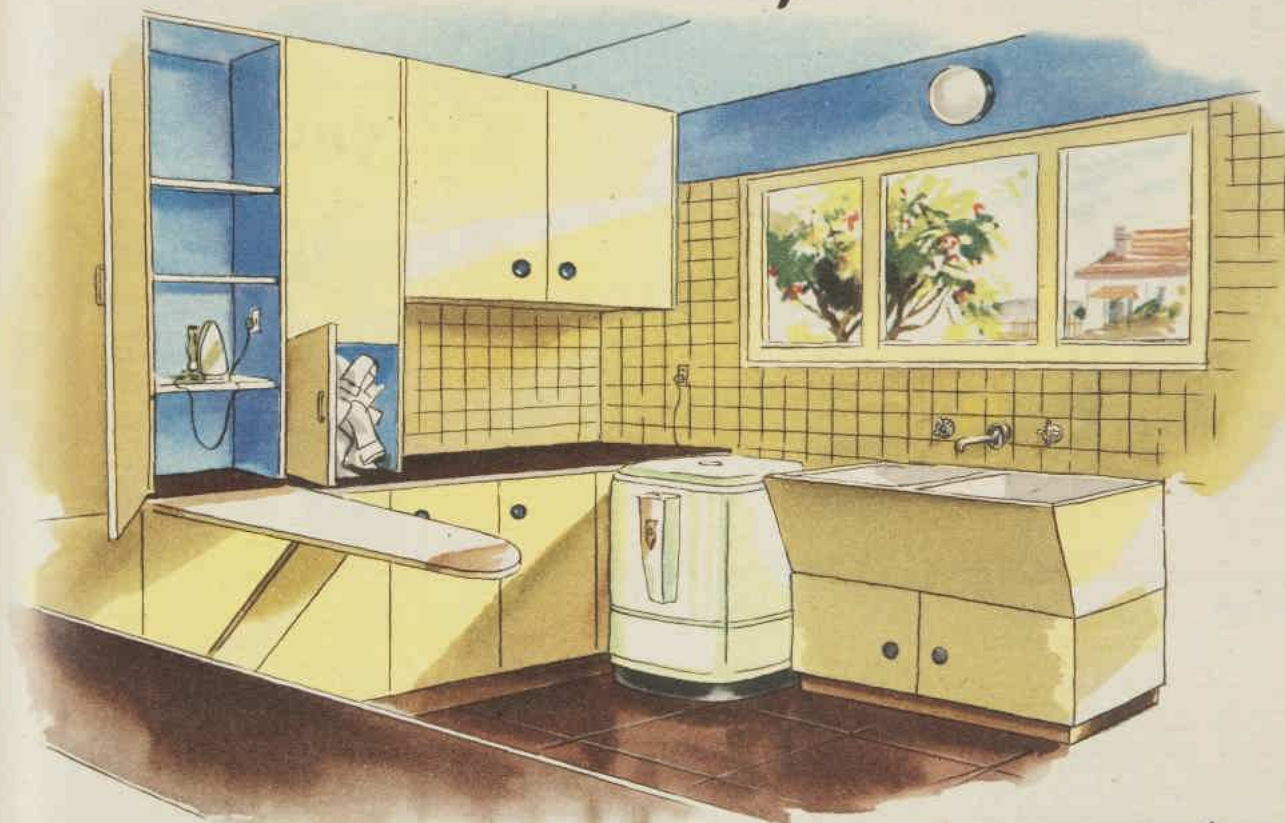
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 10, 1952



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The Far Country

Continued from page 52

As they ate their lunch together on the grassy stretch of ground, they examined it, speculating where the cabin had been. Presently Zlinter got up, sandwich in hand, and drove the spade into the vertical hill face, at the end of the plateau farthest from the river. The earth was blackened with soot.

"Here is the chimney," he said quietly. "By making the house so, against the bank, it was more easy for him; the earth bank itself would make the back of the fire and the heat would keep it solid. What was above could easily be made of wood. In this way he would need no bricks at all."

They discussed this as they sat eating; it seemed reasonable enough. "Will you make your cabin like that, Carl?" she asked.

He thought about it for a minute. "I do not know," he said. "In the winter, when there is no fishing, my cabin may be empty for several months, and then the earth will be wet and there will be no fire to keep it dry. It might fall in upon the fireplace. I think it will be better if I arrange my cabin differently, and have a brick chimney away from the earth bank, perhaps on that side, over there."

After a short pause, he went on slowly. "I do not think it would be good to build my cabin right against the earth bank as he did. It would be better to build it here, where we are sitting now, and not use the bank at all. The water might run down and into the cabin when I am away."

She nodded. "Put the wall about three or four feet from the bank," she said. "You don't want to get the other wall too near the outer edge, though. The earth might slide there, mightn't it, with the weight of the walls?"

He measured it with his eye. "It is to be only a little place, no more than twelve feet long," he said. "I have not got enough money for a palace." She laughed. "I think there will be plenty of room. But you are right; the inner wall should be three or four feet from the earth bank, and then there will be room outside the river wall to make a verandah and a bench to sit on and look out over the river, or perhaps a deck-chair."

She smiled. "You've got it all planned out, haven't you?" He laughed, a little embarrassed. "It is important to me, this, to have a little place that is my own."

"I know," she said. "You must have that, Carl, and you've picked a lovely place for it."

They sat smoking together after they had finished eating, discussing the cabin, where the door was to be, where the fireplace, the window, and the bed. Presently they stubbed their cigarettes out carefully and packed away the lunch; they got up and began to investigate the place more closely.

With the spade, Zlinter cleared the briars and undergrowth from the vertical earth face. The sooty, blackened earth extended over about three feet of the face, showing clearly that the fireplace had been there and about centrally disposed upon the end of the flat.

He stood looking at it critically. "The side walls, they would run outwards from the face," he said, "at right angles. Perhaps one was somewhere here." He set to work and began slicing the turf and leaf-mould from the level ground; in a few minutes he was rewarded by a charred stump of rotten wood sticking up out of the soil. They examined it together.

"Here was a wall," he said. He threw off his thin jacket

and went on working in shirt and trousers only, and gradually uncovered the remains of the charred walls, shown mostly by blackened streaks in the top soil. In half an hour he had laid bare two rectangles of blackened soil and charred stumps, and rested, wiping the sweat from his neck and arms.

"It's fascinating, Carl," the girl said. "It's like digging up Pompeii or something. What would this one have been?" She indicated the outer rectangle.

He shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps a hayshed or a stable. No, he could not have put eight bullocks in there. For hay, I think, and harness."

They rested together, looking at what he had uncovered. Presently she asked, "Where will your cabin go now, Carl?"

"I must make a drawing," he said. "I will do that this week, and give an order to Mr. Forrest for the timber and the planking. I think it would be best to have the chimney there, and the door here, opposite."

She shook her head. "It's going to be very draughty. You won't have a warm corner in the place, if the door's opposite the chimney."

He nodded. "That is true. I want to keep the outer wall for a window, to see the height of the river when I shall get out of bed, to see if I will fish or stay in bed." She laughed. "The door should be on this side, but we will put the chimney here, on the side of the earth bank but four feet away."

"That's like Charlie Zlinter had it, but moved out a bit."

"That is right." He measured four feet with his eye from the blackened chimney marks on the earth face, and said, "Here will be the new fireplace." He drove his shovel down into the ground, to mark the place for her.

It hit with a metallic clang on stone. "There is rock here," he said in surprise; till then he had encountered nothing but soft earth. He sliced away the leaves and top soil and uncovered a smooth face of rock, level with the surface of the ground.

Jennifer cried, "It's Mary Nolan's stone, Carl!"

"Mary Nolan's stone?"

Please turn to page 55

Mistakes in the Bible

BIBLICAL students suspect that the Old and New Testaments contain 50,000 errors, most of them mistakes that crept into copies of the Bible in the first 1000 years after Christ's death.

For example, they do not believe that Christ ever said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone . . ." nor that St. John himself wrote the reference to the Holy Trinity commonly attributed to him, nor that Christ ever said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," or "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved."

On this, the 500th anniversary of the printing of the first Bible, a committee of more than 120 of the world's foremost Christian theologians are working on a 20-year project to correct the mistakes.

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The Far Country

Continued from page 54

JENNIFER went on excitedly, "Mary said there was a slab of stone in front of the fireplace in his cabin, to keep the ashes back in the fire. She said it weighed four hundredweight, and he used to lift it up and carry it about to show her how strong he was. This must be it."

Zlinter smiled. "If it weighs four hundredweight, I do not think that I will pick it up and carry it about to show you how strong I am. I think we will do that another day."

She laughed. "You're no man!"

"That is true," he said. "Nor are you Mary Nolan." He went on clearing away the soil and revealed at last an irregularly shaped slab of stone about four square feet in area, practically level on the top. A thrust of the spade showed a white residue of ash between it and the earth face. "There was the fire," he said. "It is as she said it was."

"That settles it, anyway," the girl said. "This is Charlie Zlinter's cabin."

He nodded. "This is the cabin. I suppose they used to put saucepans and kettles on that to keep them warm before the fire."

She wrinkled her brows. "Would there have been a wooden floor?"

"I think so," he said. "I think they would have had a wooden floor and not just earth. This stone was to prevent the fire from coming forward to burn the floor. I think that is a good idea."

"If you're going to use it again, you'll have to shift it," the girl said. "It's right in the middle of where your fire is to be, now. You'll have to do what Charlie Zlinter did, Carl — pick it up and carry it about."

He nodded. "It will have to be moved." He stood studying it for a moment and then smiled at her. "I will pick it up and carry it about in my two hands one day when you are not here," he said. "Then you can come and see it in the new place."

She looked up at him. "I shan't be able to do that, Carl," she said quietly.

He glanced at her. "Why not?"

"I'm going away."

"But you will be coming back again in your holidays, to stay with the Dormans?"

She shook her head. "I won't be coming here again, Carl. I'm going home—to England."

He stared at her in consternation. "To England?"

She nodded. "I wanted to have this last day in the Howqua and tell you about it here, not at Leonora with other people about. I've got to go back to England, Carl — at once. I'm going by air on Tuesday, leaving from Sydney. I've got to leave Leonora to-morrow."

He dropped the shovel and crossed to her and took her hand. "What is it that has happened, Jenny?" he asked quietly. "Is it something very bad?"

She looked up at him, blinking. "We got a cable last night," she said, "soon after you'd gone. It was from Daddy. My mother died yesterday, Carl—yesterday or the day before—the times are all so muddling." She hesitated. "It means that Daddy's all alone there now. I've got to go." A tear escaped and trickled down her cheek.

He put an arm around her shoulders. "Come and sit down," he said, "and tell me."

He led her to the bank and they sat down together. She was crying in earnest now with the relief from keeping up the strain of a pretence with him. He held her with one arm round her shoulders and wiped her

eyes. "I'm sorry to be such a fool, Carl. I didn't get much sleep last night," she said.

"I would never think you were a fool," he said.

They sat in silence for a minute or two. Carl Zlinter sat staring through the trees down at the river, sparkling in the afternoon sunlight, thinking of the blank space that would be coming in his life when she had gone.

"I've got to go home, Carl. I spoke to Daddy last night on the telephone and told him I was coming right away. I never should have come out here at all," she said, breaking the silence at length.

"It was a very good thing for me that you did," he said quietly. There was a pause, and then he asked her, "Did you really speak to your father, to England, from Leonora station?"

She nodded. "Mr. Dorman said it could be done and he arranged it all. The call came through at about four in the morning. I could hear Daddy quite well. It cost only three pounds . . ." She paused. "The Dormans have been awfully kind, Carl. I hadn't got quite enough money left to go home by air, and it would have taken months to get a passage home by sea. They wouldn't hear of me going any other way. They're driving me to a place called Albury to-morrow to get the train for Sydney, and Jane's coming with me to Sydney to see me off in the aeroplane. They couldn't have been kinder."

He looked down into her face. "Are you quite sure that it is the best thing for you to go back?" he asked. "Could not your father come here from England to join you?"

She shook her head. "I thought of that, of course," she said, "and I tried to see it that way, but it wouldn't work. Daddy's been in practice in Leicester all his life. He doesn't like the new Health Service, but he'd never leave Leicester."

He looked bewildered, and she went on softly, "You haven't met my father, Carl. He and my mother were so wrapped up in each other, he'll be absolutely lost, for a time, anyway. But in Leicester he's got all his interests, and his friends in the Rotary Club, and the Conservative Club, and the Masons, and the British Medical Association, and all the other things he does. He'll be all right there, once he's got over the first shock, if I'm there to look after him and run the house."

"He couldn't leave his friends on top of this, and come out here to a strange place where he knows nobody. It wouldn't be fair to ask him."

"But you," he said. "Would you rather live in England, or live here?"

"I'd rather live here, of course," she said. "There's no comparison. It's a pity I ever came out here and saw this country, since I've got to go back."

"It was a very good thing for me," he said again.

She pressed his hand. "I'm sorry, Carl. It's just one of those things."

To be concluded

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BILL felt vaguely ashamed of himself and sorry for the Smiths. He hoped he would never have to meet them and think of them as people.

"Elise wants you to have the Smith apartment. And what Elise wants she gets, because it's always right for everyone."

Mr. Prentice continued: "You two youngsters settle the details between you. I'll give the Smiths a week." He stood up, pulled down a neat black waistcoat, gave Bill a hearty handclasp, said, "Welcome to The Harborage, Cary," and was gone.

Elise explained that he had to be thanked. Besides, he was due at a Harborage committee meeting, and it would be a splendid chance for him to tell everyone about the Carys and what the committee was to do about them.

"You were wonderful," she said. "Just right. I could see that Dad loved you, too."

"We're awfully grateful," he said—"all of us." He looked round vaguely for his hat and remembered that the butler had taken it as hostage. Anyway, it wouldn't be hanging in the majestic Prentice living-room. "I'd better be on my way, too," he muttered.

Elise clasped her hands behind her back in her favorite, rather wistful, pose.

"Please don't, Willy. I'll be so lonesome and we've said a lot to talk about. Besides, you can't go just when you've got what you want, can you? It wouldn't be polite, would it?"

She was gay and playful. But she was right, of course. She had gone over to a handsome cabinet and slipped a record under the tooth of a concealed gramophone.

"I'm sure you dance beautifully, Willy. And I love to dance. Don't you?"

At the Cary homestead Rose felt desolate and lonely. She

went out of doors and down the dark, muddy road, hoping to meet Bill. It was ten o'clock, and when she reached the avenue at the Prentice drive she could see Bill's car still parked, and a little sigh of thankfulness escaped her. She'd tucked herself in and be a surprise for him—a nice surprise.

Someone was playing "The Blue Danube." It sounded very lovely in the darkness. But not like business. She stood by the car door.

She was still standing there in the shadow when the house door opened and she heard Bill's voice, then a girl's voice, very sweet and lilting.

"It's been wonderful, Willy—"

Rose turned and ran, her heart thudding, her throat raw with her sharp, desperate breathing. She had to stop at last, hiding in a ditch like someone hunted, to let Bill's car rattle past her. Then she walked on slowly, and her thoughts settled into some sort of pattern.

But it was as though there had been a terrible explosion and she'd been shot out into a strange country where there were no landmarks to guide her. What did she really know of Bill? They'd been apart so often, so long.

She felt physically sick and frightened. But when Bill met her at the head of The Manor avenue she was just sauntering and humming to herself. He was too preoccupied with worry to recognise the tune. He took her by the arms and shook her.

"You scared me!" he said. "Where on earth have you been?"

"Just out for a stroll," she replied.

"I didn't know what to think," he said. "I raced home—just as soon as I could. I've got the best news..." He

tried to sound boyishly triumphant. "Mr. Prentice is giving us an apartment—straight away—next week."

"I thought," she interrupted gently, "that there was a waiting list ten years long."

"I had a bit of pull," he said stiffly.

She laughed. "That's what I thought," she said.

She added that she was tired and had a headache. It was as though she didn't even care what happened next week or any time to any one of them.

There wasn't much to pack. Roger Martin took the heavy trunks in his stable-truck.

Rose definitely wasn't happy. Now that Bill came to think of it—which he did often and with unfortunate scientific results—he didn't see why she should be. She had done most of the packing and she was tired.

Meanwhile, Rose was being very nice to Martin. They even had little jokes together about horses which Bill didn't always understand.

It wasn't a Saturday. All the same James had deserted the Weather Bureau to help. He and Brenda stood round as the last suitcase was jammed into the back seat of Bill's car, trying hard, Bill supposed, not to look too thankful.

The women, of course, put up the best show. They actually clung to each other. At the last moment Alexander broke from his favorite and impregnable hiding-place.

Later in the afternoon the school bus would drop Ted outside The Harborage. He didn't like it either. Being young, he distrusted change. And he hated leaving his bit of garden.

"We'll have a much bigger garden," Bill had explained. "Everybody in the place has his own garden. It's going to be wonderful."

As they rattled down the rut-seamed road he saw Rose look back over her shoulder at the monstrous manor as though at something she had loved and lost. She waved, though the two figures standing on the steps couldn't have seen her. There was a tremor about the short, nice upper-lip that he knew of old. She was trying not to cry.

Bill pulled up, switched off the engine, and produced a packet of cigarettes.

"From now on, sweet," he said, "everything is going to be different. It's our real fresh start."

"I wonder," she said, "when we shall stop starting."

It wasn't what he'd hoped for. It didn't help him to tell her at length, as he had planned, how much he loved her or how grateful he was to her for sticking out those distraught, untidy, rootless years.

He sighed, put back the cigarettes, and switched on again.

Five women and five men, of all sizes and ages, were grouped in The Harborage's entrance hall when he arrived there. Bill knew a committee when he saw one. Mr. Wilfred Morris, deputy-chairman, made a brief, pleasant little speech of welcome.

Names were announced and politely echoed. The Cary hands were shaken warmly. Roger Martin piled in the suitcases.

The committee followed

them up in the service elevator to the fifth floor.

The door of No. 95B stood open. Inside, the charming, air-conditioned little living-room was gay with flowers. There were daffodils in all the five vases.

A card under the brightest and biggest of them said:

"It's all yours. Welcome, too. From Elise."

By this time Rose knew, officially, that Elise existed.

"How sweet of her!" she said.

Of the Smiths there was no obvious trace. But Rose, opening a drawer to tuck away her gloves and handbag, stared down at a sheet of notepaper lying, as it were, in ambush.

"Whoever you are," was written in large, fierce lettering, "pity help you!"

Rose closed the drawer sharply and stood with her back to it, guarding its sinister, subversive secret.

The furnishings were in beautiful taste, neither antique nor modern and only unobtrusively functional. There was only one jarring note—Aunt Ophelia's piano. It stuck out like a shabby blot. Bill couldn't imagine why his tensed heart seemed to relax at sight of it.

THE committee receded, but Mr. and Mrs. Morris lingered. Mr. Morris half-closed the door as though on a small indiscretion.

"Just one thing, Cary. I'm afraid you can't have read all the rules and regulations. The Harborage likes to encourage pets—goldfish, for instance, and canaries of the quieter kind. But no dogs—definitely no dogs, you know."

"No dogs!" Rose echoed, in consternation.

"Well—I'm sure you'll understand. A hundred families—a hundred dogs! What would become of our little community? We have to consider what is best for everyone."

Roger Martin tucked Alexander under his arm. He had seen Rose's face. His own clashed alarmingly with his thick red hair.

"I'll take him," he said. "Tell Ted he'll have a splendid time. We'll go riding together—the three of us."

Bill went to meet Ted. He'd left Rose getting dinner in the bright new kitchen.

Bill waited under the archway for the school bus. He was feeling awful. He'd never really cared for Alexander until now. And he had a catastrophic foreknowledge of how Ted was going to feel. So he was really sorry when Elise's trim little convertible pulled up beside him. He found it difficult to grin back at her.

"Happy?" she asked.

"Well—" He didn't want to seem ungrateful. "We would be. But we seem to have struck a snag. Maybe you could do something—"

She listened gravely. But, she said, there was nothing she could do, could she? Rules were rules. One had to think of all those dear little gardens.

After all, if everybody co-operated, everybody could have a little share in everything and everybody would have something, wouldn't they?

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"Then maybe they wouldn't want it," Bill muttered.

She tossed back her head with a gay little laugh.

"You sound just like those naughty Smiths," she said.

"But I know you aren't." She turned her car into the driveway. "Now I'll run up for a moment and see Rose."

"I wouldn't—" Bill began.

"I mean—she's cooking dinner."

But Elise just waved to him.

"We women understand each other," she said.

"Where's Alexander?" Ted asked as soon as he got off the bus.

Bill took his son's hand and told him what had occurred.

He glanced down at the small, white face, at the tight mouth and set jaw. He remembered how, at that age, he hadn't been able to cry either. Oddly enough, he could have cried now.

"You see," he said, "if every family had a dog, that would add up to a hundred dogs. Alexander would never be without a fight on his paws. Besides—you know how you and your mother and I have been pushed round. This is our first real chance at a home. We've got to pay for it."

"Is it a home?" Ted asked in a small, harsh voice.

"It's going to be—" Bill said. He added with grim cheerfulness—"if it kills us all."

"She's sweet," Rose said, at breakfast next morning, "and I hope she keeps well away from here."

Bill glared up from his scrambled eggs. They were scrambled as his mother had never scrambled them. The shell-pink living-room, though still cluttered with suitcases, was full of sunshine and light.

No one would have thought Bill had any cause to flare out in temper, nevertheless he did.

"That's infernally ungrateful," he said. "If it hadn't been for Elise we wouldn't have this place at all."

"She hinted as much," Rose said bitterly. "If you could call it hinting."

Her eyes, as Bill observed with reluctant sympathy, were dull with sleeplessness. But then no one in 95B had slept.

In the first place there had been trouble with the pre-war casement windows, which refused stubbornly to open. Bill, in a burst of misplaced energy, had driven a boot through one of the small panes.

"You shouldn't—" Rose had whispered.

"I should," Bill had whispered back between clenched teeth. "I've never slept with closed windows yet. And I won't now."

He didn't sleep, anyhow. It only Ted, in the adjoining nursery (with the entrancing fairy-tale wallpaper), had whimpered. But Ted kept mouse-quiet. Bill imagined the childish toes twitching seeking for the warmth of Alexander's lumpy shape. As a chemist Bill disapproved of dogs on beds. As a man and a father he would have been thankful for ten Alexanders, replete with germs, to combat his small son.

"Eat your breakfast, Ted, like a good soldier," he said.

"I'm not a soldier," Ted said. "And I can't."

Bill sighed. He had a headache. There was no one he wanted to talk to less than Roger Martin. But he ran up the Martin stairs and was surprised to find the hearty masculine voice consoling.

Please turn to page 57

Don't let your hands say 'housework'



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LOWERING his voice directly, Bill said, "It's a worrying himself sick." It seemed that Roger hadn't slept much either. Alexander howled all night.

"He won't eat," Martin said. "Perhaps Rose could bring Ted round after school. I'll show them the stables. When people get a kick out of them, they'll be roaring with laughter. And that's my joke for the day," he said.

Bill laughed too, politely. "Thanks so much." He rang the bell. "Alexander's splendid," he said Ted, trying to look square in the bleak, unadorned eyes. "Your mother can take the car and drive you home to see him." He added, with what he knew was a restraining air of selflessness, "I'll wait."

He walked out, feeling awful, without kissing anybody or saying any of the nice, hopeful things a man might have said on his first morning in his first real home. He forgot to shut the front door, so Rose did not move from the table when she heard Mrs. Morris say, "You know, Willy, and I thought we heard something in the night, like something breaking."

"You did," Rose said. "It was Bill opening our bedroom window."

"Oh, but my dear, we don't open windows in the Harborage, in fact, we mustn't. The stables did. But they were unobscured or something. They were everything."

"But I like fresh air."

"But ours is so much better than fresh. Ours is conditioned."

"It tastes like a left-over sandwich to me," Rose retorted rather sharply.

But she knew she was fighting a back-to-the-wall-forlorn-love-late-ditch action. Mrs. Morris said cheerfully that she would send up The Harborage handy-man and mean-time they could paste paper over the broken pane. Because if they didn't something serious might happen to the house. She turned and ruffled her hair.

"You must send this young man to his playground," she said. "He'll be quite safe. You check him in and out with the attendant."

"Like a hat," said Rose.

"Of course not. But, then, even the best little boys have to be checked-sometimes."

When Ted scowled he looked ridiculously like Bill all his own. Rose hurried him to the elevator and kissed him and smoothed his hair.

"Think how glad Alexander's going to be to see us back," she said.

But Ted drew stiffly away from her. "We've run out on him," he said. "He'll never trust anyone again."

The handyman, who, unlike other Harboragers, was morose, silent, had been and gone. Rose had got round to taping pictures. They weren't much and there weren't many of them. But they all meant something. They were like milestones at which her memory could sit down and get its breath.

Then she made the infuriating discovery that there were no picture-rails. In her anger, she picked up a hammer to drive nails into the walls, she tore her favorite table cover.

She had an impulse to hurl the hammer through the nearest window, but wisely checked it. Then, to calm her

alarming symptoms of hysteria, she made herself sit down with her work basket and proceed to mend the cover.

But her thoughts as she stitched were far from the work and she didn't even hear anyone enter the room until Elise, with a paper-covered sphere clasped in her arms, said brightly, "Well, here I am again!"

She set her burden on a table and swept off its wrappings like a magician pulling his black cloth from a rabbit. Only it wasn't a rabbit. It was a goldfish. To be exact, several goldfish.

"I did want Ted to know we understood about his dog," Elise said.

She was so pretty—so sweetly pretty with the pleasure of giving. Rose heard herself say, "It's awfully nice of you," and guessed that, after a fashion, she was smiling.

"Now, what's next?" Elise asked gaily.

"Nails," Rose said.

The delicate eyebrows rose. "Nails for what, dear?"

"To hang pictures. There aren't any picture-rails."

"Oh, but Rose, you don't want to hang pictures—not on our lovely walls. Most pictures are so dreadful. The stables did. I mean—one gets so tired of them."

"I don't," Rose said. "I like mine. So I'm going to hang them."

FOR a few moments, the two women measured each other.

"I'm afraid," Elise said gently, "you can't hang pictures. It's against our rules."

"Rather our rules!" Rose said with sudden violence.

"This is our apartment. And so long as we pay rent I shall do what I please with it."

She saw Elise flush crimson and she began to blush herself. She remembered that this was Bill's home. Poor darling! For eight mortal years he'd been beating his way towards it, time and time again deprived and frustrated. He needed peace and order so desperately. Now she was spoiling everything.

"I'm sorry," she said contritely, almost humbly. "I'm awfully tired and cross. I didn't sleep too well."

"Of course." Sisterly affection broke out from a passing cloud of acute feminine dislike. "You poor dear. I do so understand. That's why I came round to help."

When Bill reached home he found that the Morris' had a message for him from Rose to say she and Ted were out riding with Mr. Martin.

Bill felt lonely. It was queer that in this neat little nest he should feel as lonely and exposed as though he were lost in the Sahara.

Everything they possessed was now in place. There was nothing to be done, or at least nothing that did not conflict with rules and regulations.

He brooded over things until, what seemed hours later, he heard footsteps. When the door opened he caught Rose in his arms and held her as though after years of separation. He would have hugged Ted if the latter hadn't disengaged himself in stiff displeasure and stalked off to his bedroom.

Rose said, "We had a wonderful time. We cantered. Roger says Ted'll make a fine horseman. I didn't fall off, either."

"How's Alexander?" he asked.

"Peaked. I don't think this afternoon meeting arrangement is going to work. I think we ought to give Alexander away altogether. Perhaps Ted would forget him."

"Perhaps he wouldn't."

"Well, he can't go on this way. I think he's got a temperature. I'm putting him to bed." She added sweetly, "Roger has invited you to come riding with us on Saturday."

"How nice!" It only needed that, Bill thought.

However, in the end, he did go, and within an hour he landed precariously on the neck of a rangy roan careering through the otherwise pleasant woodlands surrounding Hendon.

Martin had been very nice and helpful.

He said, "Diana's a bit skittish to start with. Just show her who's boss and she'll settle down."

Rose, perched gracefully at ease on her pretty little pinto, had watched with cold, dispassionate interest. Bill had turned brick-red. She knew why he had come along. She didn't like it. Probably she didn't like him. He didn't, at the moment, like himself.

"Let's go!" Martin had said robustly.

Bill knew that sooner or later something would go wrong. But he was not prepared for Diana's dislocating sidestep. After which she bolted.

She stopped dead. Bill slid over her head into a bush and for a while stayed there, breathless and battered.

Diana, after thoughtful contemplation of her late burden, tossed her head and trotted off the way she had come. Bill rose, dusted himself off, recovered the frame of his broken spectacles, and limped down the bridle-path to a dirt road which led he didn't know where and didn't care. He sat down by the roadside until the sound of horses' hoofs drove him to cover.

Rose and Martin ambled past. They were evidently looking for him, whether or not with any anxiety he couldn't tell.

Bill emerged to scowl short-sightedly after them. He didn't see Elise until she and her convertible slid to a standstill. She, at least, looked almost tragically concerned.

"I met Rose and Mr. Martin," she said. "They told me you'd had an accident. Oh, you poor dear! You aren't hurt, are you?"

"No," he said; "only ridiculous."

"I'm going to take you home," she said.

She didn't talk at all until she had him in the firm embrace of Mr. Prentice's easy-chair with a tall, cool glass in his hand.

"You poor dear!" she said again.

He exploded bitterly. "I'm not a poor dear. I'm a poor dope. A suspicious, silly ass. I showed off and I got kicked off. It served me right. I ought to have broken my fool neck." He took a long, deep drink.

"I don't know what got into me. I guess it's that poisonous

place—that infernal institution for the Protection and Subjugation of the Homeless—"

Elise shook her head at him. "You don't know what you're saying, William."

"Oh yes, I do."

"You're all shaken up." She stood opposite him, her hands clasped behind her back, still calm and contemplative. "You don't understand what's happened to you. But I do. You are unbearably unhappy."

A long and smouldering resentment blazed up in him. He suddenly hated this pompously perfect room—her gentle voice, her air of profound understanding of him.

"I've got to be getting back," he mumbled, and stood up. "Thanks for everything."

"You're very sweet and loyal," Elise said. She barred his departure with the assurance of her rightness. "You're trying to cover up for her. But I can see down to the bottom of your heart, because—well, because," she faltered charmingly, "I suppose because I care, Willy, so much."

"You don't," he said. "You don't give a continental for me or any of us. You just want to do us good." He added slowly, like a man feeling his way to a momentous conclusion, "whether we want good done to us or not."

She looked, he saw dimly, like a delicate flower that has been brought too close to an intense heat.

When the telephone rang she marched down on it like a very indignant, outraged woman. She said glacially, not looking at him, "It's your wife. She seems to think you're here."

No voice had ever sounded sweeter in his ears. But it was a furious and very frightened voice.

"I guessed she'd pick you up," it said. "I don't want to spoil anything, Bill. But please come home. Ted's gone. He must have got to Roger's place. Alexander has gone, too."

The police had gone off in one direction, Martin, on horseback, in another. William, in his car with Rose, took the road leading past Pyke's Corner to the forest land.

He said simply, "I think I know where he's gone. He and Alexander have a hide-out. He told me about it once."

It was dusk when he pulled up by the roadside and led the way through the tangled underbrush.

In the bush dusk turned to night. Bill sent the eye of an electric torch peering ahead of them. It came to rest presently on an outcropping of rock which made a shallow cave. Two pairs of bright eyes blinked down at them.

"Hullo, Ted!" Bill said.

"Hullo!" The answering voice was faint but stubborn-sounding. Rose checked an impulse to gather her son into her arms. In a queer way she recognised that this was Bill's affair.

He kept his distance, dropping down with a sigh on a neighboring rock and dragging out a packet of cigarettes.

"So you've run away, Ted," he said. "I don't altogether blame you. But it wasn't very bright, was it? You can't run far, you know."

Ted said, "I don't care. I'll keep on running away. And—and if you do anything to

Alexander I'll—I'll jump into the lake—or—something."

"You don't seem to care much what you're doing to us, Ted."

"You don't care what you're doing to me and Alexander," Ted flung back at him. "You don't even understand."

"Perhaps I do understand," Bill said. "I never told you about my Bikini goat, did I? I'd like to tell you now."

He had told Rose, haltingly, stupidly, feeling himself a sentimental fool. But this was his son, in dire distress, whom he might lose forever. Fear and pity lent him a sort of simple eloquence.

He'd been so keen and proud, he said, of that great experiment in which he had had his infinitesimal share. And then two days before zero hour he'd run into a shipment of pigs and goats—the guinea-pigs that were to mark the course of devastation.

But one of the goats had looked at him with strange, bright, hazel eyes.

"It wasn't just a goat any more," Bill said hoarsely. "It was a fellow creature with blood and nerves and heart. It said, 'What are you doing to me?' And when the great blow came all I could think of was my goat—terrified and suffering."

"That's why I had to get out on to the repair end of my job—why I know how you feel about Alexander—about letting him down."

He felt Rose's intense stillness. He said gently, "Please come along, Ted. You and your mother and Alexander can go home to The Manor to-night. To-morrow, or some time, we'll work things out together. Just trust us."

He heard a stirring. He felt the close warmth of a small body and caught it to him and held it close. Whatever else he'd lost, he knew he had his son for keeps.

The Harborage elevator shot Bill up to the pink fifth floor. All the green doors were precisely closed, like the cell doors of a modern, well-intentioned prison. His own opened on a pink vacuum.

Nothing human, he thought, had ever really lived in the place—not the ghostly Smiths, least of all the Carys. Only dehydrated cellophane-wrapped, immunised rabbits could exist in this air-conditioned warren.

WHEN the telephone's shrill voice broke in upon his gloomy thoughts, Bill almost ran to answer it.

"This is an invitation," Martin's voice said, "to a wedding."

"Whose wedding?"

"Mine. My fiancée's arriving with her people next Saturday."

William sat down sharply. "Did Rose know?"

"Of course she knew."

Bill heard a subdued chuckle. "I hope when I'm married," Martin said apropos of nothing, "I'll have the sense to know if my wife loves me."

He rang off.

Bill sat quiet for a long time. Then he got up and opened Aunt Ophelia's piano.

Mr. Prentice, proceeding sternly down the muted corridor, encountered the tender strains of a fox-trot.

ELISE had said with gentle regret that she was afraid after all the Carys weren't entering into The Harborage spirit and as usual she was right. Mr. Prentice knocked indignantly.

"Don't you know, sir," he inquired of the rather dishevelled young man who stood politely aside to let him pass, "that pianos are against the rules? At least playing them is not allowed."

Bill had become possessed of a clear and happy purpose. He went over to the window and put Willy the Weaver's shoulder to the easement and burst it open with a scream of tearing metal and tinkling of glass. The consequent flood of fresh air floated him back, light-headed, to the piano.

Under Mr. Prentice's incredulous stare, he began thumping away, singing a rousing chorus, very loudly and badly.

"You must be drunk or raving mad," Mr. Prentice shouted at him as he stalked out, slamming the door. But the yelling followed him. Doors opened, timidly inquiring. He had, in his not quite headlong retreat, a horrified suspicion that they might never really close again.

The Carys of The Manor were at supper. Brenda had served a grilled steak with chipped potatoes. But no one seemed to have much appetite. Alexander, seated in Bill's vacant place, looked an attentive, recognising car as a car snorted to a standstill.

Now someone was pounding down the hallway and a moment later a stormy, hot-faced young man in spectacles, carrying two battered suitcases, stood on the dining-room threshold, almost menacingly triumphant.

"I have raised the flag of rebellion from the rooftops," he announced. "I've broken windows and all the laws of the Medes and Persians. I've sung songs. I've insulted my betters. So I'm out on my ear. I'm homeless." He broke off to glance furtively at Rose. "Unless, of course, someone takes me in."

When she blushed she looked like a mere girl. She gave Alexander a push.

"You're just in time," she said. "Your mother's steak and chips are wonderful."

He sat down between her and Ted and put his arm round both of them and hugged them to him.

"Give me the right," Bill exclaimed, "to open my own windows, to paint my own wall pea-green, to grow dandelions in my garden, to sing my songs, to have dogs on my bed or in my hair, if that's where I want 'em, or give me—"

"Death," Ted put in helpfully.

James reached over Bill's plate for the butter. The weather had let him down again. But he was learning, late in life, to take his own fallibility with calm.

"Either," he said, "we have to live alone, in which case we're lonely, or we have to make the best of the people the Good Lord has chosen to inflict on us."

He looked over his spectacles at each of them in turn. He even benigned Alexander in his benign acceptance.

"I like mine," he said.

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